

HUNS MAKE DESPERATE STAND--BURN TOWNS

ATTY. C. W. BREWSTER KILLED BY TRAIN AT OREGON SATURDAY P. M.

Mrs. Edward Sarwine Sustained Serious Injuries In Accident At Crossing Over Burlington Railroad in Which Well Known Dixon Attorney's Life Was Crushed Out—Driver's View Obstructed By String of Box Cars On Siding—Three Buried Beneath Wreckage of the Automobile.

INJURED WERE TAKEN TO A ROCHELLE HOSPITAL

BULLETIN

This afternoon it was reported at the Lincoln hospital that Mrs. Edward Sarwine of Dixon, who was injured in the auto accident at Oregon Saturday which took the life of Atty. C. W. Brewster of Dixon, was resting well. Aside from the concussion of the brain she did not suffer serious hurts and the attending surgeons predict her recovery.

Attorney Charles W. Brewster 111 East Boyd St., received injuries late Saturday afternoon when an automobile, owned and driven by Edward Sarwine, 215 Van Buren Ave., was struck by a Burlington freight train at Oregon, which caused his death at the Lincoln hospital at Rochelle at 2 o'clock Sunday morning.

The tragic accident occurred at the crossing just west of the Burlington passenger station at Oregon, and resulted from the inability of the occupants of the automobile—Mr. and Mrs. Brewster and Mr. and Mrs. Sarwine—to see the track east of the crossing because of many box cars standing on the sidetrack.

Almost Cleared Track
The four Dixon people left this city at 2 o'clock Saturday afternoon in Mr. Sarwine's Dodge car, to visit Oregon. They took the River road from Grand Detour and were proceeding slowly and carefully when they approached the fatal crossing. It is stated that there was no warning bell or signal of any kind in operation on the crossing. A long string of box cars stood on the siding to the

REPORTS READY FOR DISTRIBUTING

County Superintendent L. W. Miller has received a consignment of Department of Household Science reports and Illinois Farmers' Institute reports. These reports are available at the superintendent's office and will be distributed to all desiring the reports.

SUNDAY STORM DAMAGED CORN

Yesterday's rain and wind storm played havoc with some of the corn in Lee county. In the vicinity of Walton many acres of corn is completely ruined. In some localities the oats, not yet cut, was badly blown down. It did not rain at all at Harmon.

DIXON YOUTH IS SECOND LIEUT.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Woodyatt, 808 Second street, this morning received a telegram from their son Harold, who has been training with the aviation corps at Rantoul, to the effect that he has been commissioned a second lieutenant in the Aero service.

M'FADDEN WILL RETURN TO HOME

John McFadden, the Davenport chauffeur who suffered a severe attack of appendicitis here Friday, was able to sit up for a short time today and the attending physician expects him to be able to return home this week.

ATTENDED FUNERAL

Jacob Gonnerman, Christopher Faicle, uncle of Mrs. Carbaugh, Mrs. Adam Schnell and Charles Fable, all of Dysart, Ia., were here to attend the funeral of the late George Carbaugh. Others also in attendance, were the late Mr. Carbaugh's brothers and sisters, Foster and Lincoln Carbaugh, of Elgin, Atty. and Mrs. Charles Carbaugh, of Rockford, Mrs. Keener, Mrs. Mount of Wynant and Mrs. Walter Brewster, of Clayton, Ill.

DR. KREBS IN GREAT TALK AT ASSEMBLY SUNDAY AFTERNOON

New York Man's Sermon—Lecture One of Best Ever Heard in This City

MUSIC BIG FEATURE Programs For Entire Session Promise Musical Treats to Patrons

Dr. Stanley L. Krebs of New York City interested a good sized audience at Rock River Assembly Sunday afternoon. The rain interfered somewhat with his address, but while the storm was at its worst Dr. Krebs ceased talking and entertained his auditors with several choice selections on the piano. He is almost as accomplished a musician as he is a lecturer.

His address was without question one of the best ever delivered at the Assembly. He handled his subject well, talking until 5 o'clock. Immediately after the lecture the Dixon Symphony orchestra played a concert, putting life into the program and pleasing the audience. Music is one of the big features of this season.

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GAME SEASON IN THIS STATE OPEN THURSDAY

HUNTERS CAN START CAMPAIGN THIS YEAR AGAINST SQUIRRELS AUGUST 1.

Bloomington, Ill., July 29.—The hunting season in Illinois opens Aug. 1, when squirrels may be shot, the open season lasting until Jan. 31st. Mourning doves may be shot after Aug. 15, but not later than Aug. 31, the open season being brief, due to the importance of these birds to the farmers as insect destroyers.

Snipe and plover may be killed from Sept. 1 to Dec. 15 and the same season applies to ducks and geese. Rabbits may be killed from Sept. 1 to Jan. 31. Other fur bearing animals are protected until Nov. 1.

The state game commission has been very active in the effort to supply every county, city and town clerk with a supply of hunting licenses prior to Aug. 1 and hopes to have each official furnished with his quota. Not much interest is being taken in the hunting season, however, before cool weather in the fall.

FIVE MEN LEFT TODAY; FIVE MORE WEDNESDAY

SMALL CONTINGENTS OF YOUNG MEN TO SERVE UNCLE SAM LEAVING REGULARLY.

James Devine was made captain of the five men who left Dixon at 1:19 o'clock this afternoon for Camp Forrest, Lyle, Ga., in response to requisitions from Provost Marshal General Crowder. The others in the contingent were John O. Selgestad, Norman R. Berogan, Hugh V. Duffy and Thomas G. Kachos.

Five additional limited service men will report at 2 o'clock tomorrow for roll call and instructions, preparatory to leaving at 7:23 a. m. Wednesday for Syracuse, N. Y. They are: Oscar E. Schoenholz, Compton; Wm. P. Burhenn, China; Fred Enichen, Francis W. Heckman and Harry E. Briscoe of Dixon.

ROUGH HOUSE ARTIST IN JAIL

Andrew Owens, 809 Park St., was fined \$25 and costs by Justice Hill this morning for an unusual celebration of the Sabbath at his home last evening, in which he broke up some furniture and created a general disturbance. It is alleged he also threatened his wife's life. The police were called and Owens attempted to make Chief Van Bibber substitute for some of the furniture in his fete. The chief objected, however and Andrew spent the night in jail. He was unable to pay the fine and will board it out in the county jail.

DAN MCKINNEY HOME.

Daniel McKinney, who is serving at Ft. Benjamin Harrison, came home for a Sunday visit with his mother.

PICTURE DIXON BOY IN BATTERY

Dixon friends of Carl L. Kling, son of Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Kling, easily recognized the picture of the young man in a portrait of Battery F, 149th Field Artillery, published in Saturday's Chicago Herald-Examiner. Battery F is a part of the famous Rainbow Division, which is known to have had a prominent part in the American successes in Picardy.

FIVE BUILDINGS ON POLO FARM BURNED

Lightning Caused Serious Fire On Barber Farm Sunday Afternoon

HOUSE WAS IN DANGER

(Special to TELEGRAPH)

Polo, July 29.—The barn and out-buildings on the farm belonging to the Barber estate, one and one-half miles north of Polo, were destroyed by fire when the barn was struck by lightning at about 3 p. m. Sunday during a severe electrical storm. The house caught fire several times, but was extinguished before the flames did any great damage. The furniture was all carried out and placed in the yard. The hay shed containing 20 tons of hay, and the hen house with quite a few chickens in it, were destroyed. In the buggy shed were seven sets of harness and two bobsleds. Nearly all of the farm machinery was burned.

The loss on the buildings was covered by insurance, but the tenant, Fred Hendrix, sustained a loss of about \$1,000, and carried no insurance.

WAR DEPT. CONFIRMS THEO. TROUTH DEATH

MR. AND MRS. JACO BTROUTH RECEIVED MESSAGE FROM ADJUTANT GENERAL

Official confirmation of the death of Private Theo. LeRoy Trouth in France on June 25, as announced in private letters to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Trouth, last week, was received Sunday night in the following telegram from the War Department:

Washington, D. C., 6:43 p. m. July 28, 1918.
Mr. Jacob Trouth, 116 Noble Ave., Dixon, Illinois.

Deeply regret to inform you that it is officially reported that Private Theodore L. Trouth, infantry, died of lobar pneumonia June 25th.
M'CAIN,
Adjutant General.

NEW FEATURE STARTS TONIGHT

THE TELEGRAPH this evening publishes the first installment of a daily series which is bound to prove of great interest to all readers. The series will appear each evening under the caption "The Wife," and in the articles the author, Jane Phelps, has written a wonderful tale of married life from the wife's standpoint.

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS

George C. Loveland to W. W. Teschendorf wd \$150 pt tract 30 Loveland Place Tracts, Dixon.
R. A. Gross to John Albend wd \$28, 609 nwq 31 Hamilton.
Caroline L. Paine to Geo C Loveland wd \$150 and h int pt lot 1 blk 33 Dixon.
Guri Espe to Otto Wickness wd \$1 nwq and nh swq 24 Alto.

BASEBALL THIS EVENING

The Union and Evangelical teams of the church playground baseball league will meet at the Assembly diamond at 6:30 o'clock this evening.

LEAVES FOR COLORADO

Geo. C. Loveland starts for Manitou and Colorado Springs tomorrow to try to dispose of property in those cities. Mrs. Loveland's sisters of Mt. Carroll will visit her during the absence of Mr. Loveland, which will be about one month.

THE WEATHER

Monday, July 28.
By Associated Press Leased Wire
Fair tonight and Tuesday, preceded by showers this afternoon or tonight in south part of state. Cooler tonight.

Sunday 89 65
Monday 99 60

TO CUT DOWN GREAT LAKES BOAT TO GET IT TO THE ATLANTIC

Engineers For the Shipping Board Prepare For Navigation Feat

SIX FEET TOO WIDE

Van Hise Is Wider Than Canal Through Which It Must Be Moved

By Associated Press

New York, July 29.—Transporting a steamship 458 feet long, 50.2 feet wide and a depth of 25 feet through a canal that is only 44 feet wide, accommodating a draft of 14 feet, and an extreme length of 265 feet, with the cutting of the ship in only one place, is a problem that the United States Shipping Board believes it has worked out in order to bring it from the Great Lakes for war service the steamship, Charles R. Van Hise.

The Van Hise is one of 190 lake vessels which the United States took over on the Great Lakes when America entered the war. Forty-eight of these were brought out before the closing in of ice last spring. Many were too long for the Welland Canal to accommodate and the problem of transportation was easily solved by cutting the ships in two amidships, bulkheading up the open ends and rejoining at Montreal and Quebec for the Atlantic voyage to American ship yards.

With the exception of the Van Hise those now coming out which

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GRAND DETOUR WILL HANG SERVICE FLAG

SPECIAL SERVICES THURSDAY EVE WILL MARK DEDICATION OF BANNER TO "BOYS"

The people of Grand Detour will honor the young men who have been called to military service, by raising a service flag in the Christian church of their village Thursday night at 8 o'clock. A patriotic program, consisting of patriotic songs by the young people of Grand Detour, duets and solos by outside talent, a reading by Mrs. Alida Gumm of Dixon and a patriotic address is being arranged for the occasion. The public is cordially invited.

H. N. PARKER IS NOW AERIAL PILOT

Lieut. H. N. Parker of this city has completed his training as pilot for aerial observers, practicing with the artillery at Fort Sill, Okla., and at the School for Aerial Gunnery at Tullahoma Field, Ft. Worth, Tex. He stood second in his class on the Lewis machine gun tests with a grade of 96, and on the Marlin gun he received the highest mark. He has his diploma as this completes his instruction, and is now awaiting orders which he expects in about a week or ten days.

WAR DEPT. TELLS OF TROSTLE HURTS

The parents of Mark Trostle, the Franklin Grove lad whose serious injury in France on July 4 was reported in THE TELEGRAPH last week, yesterday received an official notice from the War Department confirming that announcement.

DISTRICT MED. BOARD IS BUSY

The medical advisory board had a busy session at the court house today examining a large number of the men of the 1918 class of Whiteside county. The work was carried on smoothly and rapidly, however, the board making excellent progress in its work.

DIXON U. C. T. IS DEFEATED, 14-9

The Dixon Council U. C. T. suffered defeat in its game with the Freeport Council aggregation at Freeport Saturday afternoon, score 14 to 9. Until sore muscles made them slow up the Dixon boys set a merry pace for the Pretzels. A return game will probably be played here in the near future.

Vernon Cortright has gone to Lake Geneva on business.

FRESH BAVARIANS ARE SENT AGAINST YANKS SLASHING AT REAR

Teutons Have Been Unable To Effect Recrossing Of River Ourcq—Americans Return All Attacks and Heavy Bombardments of the Enemy—Another German Supergun Emplacement Has Been Discovered By Franco-Americans at Nantuel Notre Dame--Villages Burned In Retreat

ADVANCE CHECKED BUT NOT STOPPED BY HUNS

BULLETIN

(Associated Press Leased Wire.)

London, July 29.—There is every indication that the German high command has succeeded in extricating its forces from the trap about to be sprung by Gen. Foch. As the situation now stands the Germans have suffered a severe defeat north of the Marne, but it is not a Sedan.

Americans met the finest troops in the German army south of Sergy last night where the enemy threw in the whole Fourth division of Prussian Guards in a desperate effort to throw the Americans back.

Advices show that the Americans stood like a stone wall, brought the attack to a clean stop and inflicted the heaviest losses on the enemy. The dispatches give no details of the fighting except to insist on the heavy losses inflicted on the Prussians by the American machine gunners.

The fact that the choicest of the German troops were sent against the Americans shows that the Germans have learned to respect the men from the United States in the fighting of the last fortnight.

By Associated Press Leased Wire

North of the Marne the tide of the German invasion is fast ebbing. The fact that a general retreat is in progress along the whole German line is unquestioned, the only question remaining to be cleared up being the position at which the enemy will turn at bay.

More than half the pockets between the Marne and Vesle rivers have been cleared of Germans and the allies are driving the enemy still further back. Important gains have been made by the French and Americans on the south and the French and British on the east.

Fere-en-Tardenois, the great German base northeast of Chateau Thierry, is completely in the hands of the allies, and Ville-en-Tardenois to the east of that place is within the grasp of the allied forces. The road from Dormans to Rheims is again in allied hands.

No great capture of men or guns is reported in today's statements. The Germans are making use of their artillery and machine guns in an attempt to stay the advance of the entente armies.

Since Saturday important changes have been made in the battle line between Soissons and Rheims, and today it runs almost east through Chacize, crossing the Ourcq river and continues east to the Dormans-Rheims road. Positions occupied by the Americans indicate an advance of eighteen miles from Chateau Thierry in ten days. The allied movement forward Sunday was as great as five miles at some points, but averages about two miles along the front.

Fresh Divisions Aid Germans In Stubborn Stand.

By Associated Press Leased Wire

With the American Army on the Aisne-Marne Front, July 29.—Reinforced by two divisions of fresh Bavarian guards the Teutons have settled to their hardest resistance yet displayed against the American forces north of the Ourcq. Although they are being heavily hammered, the Americans are returning the attacks in like measure along the river.

The fighting is shifting back and forth at Sergy, three kilometers southeast of Fere-en-Tardenois. Up to yes-

terday the Germans had been unable to force a recrossing of the Ourcq river.

Yanks Slash At Teutons

By Associated Press Leased Wire

With the American Army on the Marne, July 29, 8:30 A. M.—The French and Americans are slashing vigorously at the stiffening rear guard of the retreating German army with some prospect that before night the battle line will be pushed forward to the Ardre river, but a few kilometers from Rheims.

The line is now straight southeast to Clizy-et-Violaine, and the Forest of Riz is now behind the allies who are holding Champ Voisy to the northeast of the forest. In this region the Germans occupy the higher ground, which gives them some advantage in the artillery duel.

Huns Protect Selves Behind Yank Prisoners.

By Associated Press Leased Wire
Geneva, Switzerland, Sunday, July 29.—Thirty-two American prisoners, including some officers, taken recently have been lodged near the railroad station at Mannheim in Baden-on-the-Rhine, according to advices received from Basel. The Americans were placed there to prevent allied air raids on the station and positions there.

Discover Another Supergun Emplacement.

By Associated Press Leased Wire
Paris, July 29 (Havre Agency)—The French and Americans have discovered another supergun at Nantuel Notre Dame, according to the Herald. The emplacement was five meters deep and 14 meters square. The first supergun emplacement was discovered at Bhecy a little more than three miles from Nantuel Notre Dame.

French Took 400 Prisoners Sunday.
By Associated Press Leased Wire
Paris, July 29.—In fighting north of the Marne yesterday the French took 400 prisoners. There was no change in the situation during the night.

WAR SUMMARY.

The German retreat along the whole line continues in an orderly and closely generalized manner, according to word from the Somme-Rheims area up to noon today. The Germans have checked but have not stopped the allied advance. The French have occupied the north bank of the Ourcq and have taken the road between Dormans and Rheims.

The Germans are resisting stubbornly and are burning villages. Since yesterday the allies have advanced from two to three miles on a 20-mile front, and there is little doubt that having been driven from the Ourcq the enemy will go back beyond the Vesle to a line 30 miles long between Soissons and Rheims, which is probably well entrenched and equipped with good lines of communication.

Only four guns have been reported captured.

The British Capture Two Lines Of Trenches.
By Associated Press Leased Wire
London, July 29.—Two lines of German trenches on a two mile front astride the Bray-Corbis road, east of Amiens, have been captured by Australian troops.

ANOTHER DIXON LADY SUMMONED

Miss Alice Rice, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Rice of the Nachusa Tavern, has received word to report for work at Washington, D. C., the first of next week. Miss Rice will leave for Washington next Friday. Her sister, Miss Olga Rice, holds a splendid position in Washington.

INJURED YOUTH IS IN HOSPITAL

Joseph Crawford, who was shot while patrolling the border, sometime in June, is still in the hospital. His parents received a photo of Joe this morning, showing the young soldier with crutches in the hospital.

THOS. RICHARDS HOME ON LEAVE

Thomas Richards, who is in training as a cadet in the aviation section of the signal corps and who has been stationed at Urbana, came home for a visit of several days. Mrs. Richards who was with him for a month, returned home with her husband. Mr. Richards anticipates a transfer very soon, presumably on the eastern coast.

HAIRLESS HEAD SAVED LENNON

Past Exalted Ruler J. B. Lennon of the local lodge of Elks, had a narrow escape from arrest in New York City, while on his trip to Atlantic City several weeks ago. Mr. Lennon is such a young looking fellow that he was asked to show his registration card. The Dixon banker, when he saw the officer was serious, simply removed his hat and he was permitted to depart in peace. These bald-headed fellows have an easy time prying an alibi.

DE KALB MAN NAMED KILLED IN ACTION

199 NAMES LISTED BY AMERICAN ARMY AS CASUALTIES IN OVER SEAS ACTION

By Associated Press Leased Wire
Washington, July 29.—The army casualty list today contained 199 names:
Killed in action.....47
Died of wounds.....17
Died of disease.....4
Accident and other causes.....11
Wounded severely.....93
Degree undetermined.....7
Missing.....20
Of the twelve Illinois men given in the list, five were killed in action, including Private Everett H. Hubbard of DeKalb.

BRITISH MUNITION WORKERS RETURNED

SERIOUS LABOR TROUBLES IN ENGLISH PLANTS AVOIDED BY THEIR RETURN

By Associated Press Leased Wire
Coventry, England, July 29.—At a mass meeting of the munition strikers yesterday it was decided to return to work and thousands resumed their places this morning.

Birmingham, Eng., July 29.—Acting on the recommendations of their colleagues at Coventry, the munition strikers returned to their places of employment today, although they were still hostile on the embargo against skilled labor. Under the promise of an inquiry into this matter they reconciled themselves to the inevitable. They encountered some hostility from those who had remained at work.

AVIATORS DIP NIAGARA FALLS

Niagara Falls, July 29.—The gorge below Niagara Falls seems to possess a peculiar fascination for aviators finishing their courses at the American and Canadian training fields within a radius of 30 miles of the cataract.

Many times recently tourists have been treated to unusual and unannounced performances. Lincoln Beachey's "Dip of Death" under the upper steel arch bridge, nearest the Falls, has been repeated many times. The most sensational performance has been by two unidentified aviators supposed to be from the training field at Beamsville, Ont. They sent their two planes through the gorge and under the lower steel arch and Cantilever bridges which are close together and in the narrowest part of the chasm.

The aviators came from the north, entering the gorge near the Whirlpool and emerging at a point about 300 feet south of the Cantilever bridge. They then circled over the Falls and sailed away toward Beamsville.

NAVY OFFICIAL SAW KING GEORGE

By Associated Press Leased Wire
London, July 29.—Franklin Roosevelt, assistant secretary of the American navy, had a long conference this morning with King George.

EXPRESS FAITH IN THE RUSSIANS

By Associated Press
London, July 29.—Conviction that the Bolshevik government of Russia would inevitably be overthrown and that a new Russian government would, first of all, take steps to pay Russia's foreign debt, was expressed by Dr. David Soskice at a meeting of the holders of Russian bonds here. Dr. Soskice is confidential secretary to former Premier Kerensky of Russia.

He declared that it would require an immense amount of capital to reconstruct the great industrial and agricultural fabric of Russia. Russia, he said, can only find that capital in England and America.

C. Birch Crisp, banker, said he believed the majority of the people of Russia would embrace the first opportunity to set themselves right with the rest of the civilized world. The chairman of the meeting said it was almost impossible to ascertain the amount of Russia's debt. According to information received by the London Stock Exchange, it amounted, on January 1, 1917, to about \$3,358,000,000. Of this, he said the direct loans made by the state probably would amount to \$1,100,000,000. In addition there were twelve municipal loans issued by nine principal cities, to the amount of \$20,000,000. It was not clear whether these figures included the war advances made to Russia by the allied nations. These were unofficially stated to aggregate from \$400,000,000 to \$800,000,000.

NO DICE WANTED BY RED CROSS

By Associated Press
New Orleans, July 29.—A Red Cross ban has been placed on dice so far as their distribution in the four army cantonments in the Gulf Division of the Red Cross is concerned.

A call for games, issued throughout the division recently, brought to Red Cross headquarters here not only cards, dominoes, checker and chess boards, but a complete assortment of dice.

LIVE NEWS CONCERNING ROCK RIVER ASSEMBLY

(Continued from page 1)

on's program, and every organization is of the best that money can purchase.

Dr. Krebs firmly believes that the first impression of anyone is the best so to make a good impression with his auditors he stepped to the platform, while being introduced by Dr. Derr, and drank eight glasses of water. His explanation was that to make headway it was necessary to have steam and to have steam it was absolutely necessary to have water.

The Sunday evening audience was not large on account of the rain during the evening hours, but those who came were amply paid for the venture because the American Concert Co. proved a splendid musical attraction.

Bible Conference.
This morning at 10 o'clock the annual Bible conference opened with Dr. V. G. A. Tressler as the speaker. He was followed by President H. D. Hoover of Carthage. Both addresses were filled with thought and were interesting.

The speakers for the conference this year are:
Dr. V. G. A. Tressler, Springfield, Ohio.

Pres. H. D. Hoover, Carthage, Ill.
Pres. G. A. Andrew, Rock Island.
Rev. Clarence N. Swihart, Omaha.
Mrs. Alice Hyatt Mather, Chicago.
Rev. E. C. Lumsden, Dixon.
Dr. Lumsden will speak before the conference next Saturday at 11 a. m. His subject will be "The Authority of Jesus."

Tonight's Program.
This evening at 7:45 Mm. Swanson, who gave a musical recital this afternoon, which pleased a good sized audience, will give a prelude, and at 8:15 the pageant of Job will be presented. It is a great drama, interesting and entertaining throughout. There are six leading characters taken by the Alhambra players. It is educational, religious and entertaining. It is expected that a good crowd of people will be present this evening to greet the performers in a wonderfully clever drama. After the pageant there will be a good program of splendid moving pictures.

Tuesday's Program.
Tuesday is Chautauqua Recognition Day, and the service will be interesting, as is usually the case on this day, but there are four graduates this year. Pres. H. D. Hoover of Carthage college will present the diplomas.

Tuesday afternoon immediately after the graduation exercises the Stockholm Concert Company, instrumental and vocal combination, will render a program of patriotic music. This company consists of five ladies, all artists of the highest quality.

The company will play a short concert beginning at 7:45 and immediately after, Miss Maude Willis, one of the cleverest readers on the chautauqua circuit, will recite "That Something." Her subject is a story that everyone should hear. It helps, encourages and inspires.

Foss Thursday Evening.
Hon. George E. Foss, of Evanston,

AMERICANS GARDENING BEHIND BATTLE LINES

Many Acres Being Worked To Supply Fresh Food To Fighting Men

TO HELP HOSPITALS

By Associated Press
Paris, July 29.—Acres and acres of gardens located near the American base hospitals are now beginning to bring forth their harvests of vegetables. All were cultivated by American wounded, convalescents, who during their periods of repose were able to attend to the growing of the produce.

Not alone has the venture been one of great economy for the hospitals. The work of cultivation has been placed upon the prescriptions of the medical surgeons so that a double purpose is accomplished in the establishment of the gardens. The garden work provides relaxation for the men after their strenuous times on the battlefield and their painful anxiety in the hospital wards. The diversion acts as a recreative agency in bringing back the men to normal mental and physical state. The gardens are worked entirely by convalescents. Not a single dollar has been spent for hired labor. The commanding officers of the various base hospital units have spoken in lavish terms of the physical good to the men and of the economy and efficacy of the plan which insures fresh luscious vegetables to the patients at a minimum cost to the government.

The army has undertaken a comprehensive plan of army provisioning along these lines. The American Red Cross is also cooperating by the establishment of smaller plots in the centers where convalescents are sent.

No Longer New Goods.
Dorothy's little brother arrived recently and Dorothy became much attached to him. One day she was mischievous and as punishment I threatened to send her little brother back. She replied: "Mother, you can't, he's been used."

Save Your Fingers.
In putting a tack into place where it is difficult to hold it with the fingers, thrust it through a little strip of paper and thus keep your fingers from under the hammer.

a member of the congress of the United States, will speak Thursday evening, beginning very soon after 7 o'clock. His speech will not be political, but he will tell an interesting story about the United States navy. He served for many years on the Committee on Naval Affairs in the National House, and for twelve years he was chairman of the committee. Foss is called today the "father" of the navy. He devoted nearly all of his time in the twelve years to naval affairs and there is no better posted man in the United States on naval affairs than George E. Foss.

Marshall Next Sunday.
Hon. Thomas R. Marshall, vice-president of the United States, will deliver an address at the Assembly next Sunday afternoon, August 4th. Marshall holds the second important position in the country. He is a man few people know, but when they know him they will like him. He wins you at the beginning. Marshall is a good talker. None will be disappointed in the speech or lecture of the vice-president. He will tell a war story that all should hear. He comes from Washington where there is plenty of war material and he is close to the men who do things. Mr. Marshall is president of the United States senate.

Indians Coming.
Twelve real Indians will visit the Assembly next Thursday. On that day the children of Lee and adjoining counties will be admitted free, and they will have an opportunity of seeing real Red Men. The Indians will tell the story of Hiawatha. They can sing. They can dance. They can act. Their program will interest and entertain adults as well as children, but Thursday is the day set aside for the little people. It is their holiday and they should take advantage of the opportunity of seeing Indians, for no one is so interesting as a real Indian.

Assembly Notes.
O. P. Petty and family of Prophetstown were here Sunday.

Walnut was well represented.

Dr. Beard of Polo arrived today, bright and early.

Thomas Phillips of Berwyn arrived Saturday to remain during the Assembly. Mr. Phillips is a former citizen of Lee county and owns a farm in Hamilton township.

Mr. Woodard of Clinton, Wis., arrived at the Assembly Saturday. His many friends are pleased to have him here again, as he has not missed a session since the organization of the Assembly. His favorite recreation is fishing.

The management of the Assembly have the machinery pretty well in motion. All gates are taken care of and Secretary Rasch is getting started in fine shape. Dr. Altman is busy keeping track of the talent. President Truitt is being conferred with a great deal. Mr. Lindeman, the tent man, has considerably more trouble than the other officials because the tenters must be looked after.

The rain Sunday afternoon was instrumental in freshening things up for the week.

A SELLING TASK IS AN ADVERTISING TASK.
Property does not sell itself. It must be OFFERED for sale through advertising. The facts about it must be given, clearly and fully. These are the elements of appeal. These influence are prospective buyer to "look further" into your offering. Why not TELL THE FACTS IN THE TELEGRAPH? A classified ad of 25 words will cost 75 cents a week.

NERVOUS PROSTRATION

May be Overcome by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound—This Letter Proves It.

West Philadelphia, Pa.—"During the thirty years I have been married, I have been in bad health and had several attacks of nervous prostration until it seemed as if the organs in my whole body were worn out. I was finally persuaded to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and it made a well woman of me. I can now do all my housework and advise all ailing women to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I will guarantee they will derive great benefit from it."—Mrs. FRANK FITZGERALD, 25 N. 41st Street, West Philadelphia, Pa.

There are thousands of women everywhere in Mrs. Fitzgerald's condition, suffering from nervousness, backache, headaches, and other symptoms of a functional derangement. It was a grateful spirit for health restored which led her to write this letter so that other women may benefit from her experience and find health as she has done.

For suggestions in regard to your condition write Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass. The result of their 40 years experience is at your service.

To Heal Bed Sores

For 25 years physicians and nurses have never found anything equal to Sykes Comfort Powder. One box proves its extraordinary healing power for any skin inflammation. 25c at the Vinal and other drug stores. The Comfort Powder Co., Boston, Mass.

HOUSEWIVES MUST GET FRUIT CANS AT ONCE

SHORTAGE OF CONTAINERS IS THREATENED, SAYS THE GOVERNMENT.

Washington, July 29.—Housekeepers who have not laid in their canning supplies should do so at once, advises the United States Department of Agriculture. Reports from the states show that already some sections of the country are having difficulty in securing containers for home canning. The shortage of tin cans, glass jars and rubbers, coupled with delayed express shipments make it imperative to place orders for supplies immediately if the needs of the next two months are to be met. Women desiring information about canning equipment or ordering of supplies should apply at once to their local home demonstration agent, the leader of the boys' and girls' club work or the county agricultural agent.

Do you need letter heads? Then call No. 5, The B. F. Shaw Pig. Co. bill heads, envelopes, cards, tags or, in fact, anything in the job printing line? If so, visit our job department. The Evening Telegraph.

COMB SAGE TEA IN HAIR TO DARKEN IT

It's Grandmother's Recipe to keep her Locks Dark, Glossy, Beautiful.

The old-time mixture of Sage Tea and Sulphur for darkening gray, streaked and faded hair is grandmother's recipe, and folks are again using it to keep their hair a good, even color, which is quite sensible, as we are living in an age when a youthful appearance is of the greatest advantage.

Nowadays, though, we don't have the troublesome task of gathering the sage and the mussy mixing at home. All drug stores sell the ready-to-use product, improved by the addition of other ingredients, called "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound." It is very popular because nobody can discover it has been applied. Simply moisten your comb or a soft brush with it and draw this through your hair, taking one small strand at a time; by morning the gray hair disappears, but what delights the ladies with Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound is that, besides beautifully darkening the hair after a few applications, it also produces that soft lustre and appearance of abundance which is so attractive. This ready-to-use preparation is a delightful toilet requisite for those who desire a more youthful appearance. It is not intended for the cure, mitigation or prevention of disease.

URIC ACID IN MEAT CLOGS THE KIDNEYS

Take a glass of Salts if your Back hurts or Bladder bothers you—Drink more water.

If you must have your meat every day, eat it, but flush your kidneys with salts occasionally, says a noted authority who tells us that meat forms uric acid which almost paralyzes the kidneys in their efforts to expel it from the blood. They become sluggish and weaken, then you suffer with a dull misery in the kidney region, sharp pains in the back or sick headache, dizziness, your stomach sours, tongue is coated and when the weather is bad you have rheumatic twinges. The urine gets cloudy, full of sediment, the channels often get sore and irritated, obliging you to seek relief two or three times during the night.

To neutralize these irritating acids, to cleanse the kidneys and flush off the body's urinous waste get four ounces of Jad Salts from any pharmacy here; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys will then act fine. This famous salts is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for generations to flush and stimulate sluggish kidneys, also to neutralize the acids in urine, so it no longer irritates, thus ending bladder weakness.

Jad Salts is inexpensive; cannot injure, and makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink.

Do not suffer another day. Send for LEM-SAL at once. It has helped thousands of sufferers to regain health. Try it at our expense. It will kill your rheumatism.

Your Money Back If It Fails

LEM-SAL is a private formula (not a patent medicine); for 25 years it has never failed. We know it will positively rid you of rheumatism.

ORDER A BOTTLE ON TRIAL

Send \$3.00 for enough to make a quart bottle—use half of it as directed and if it does not bring pain in 3 days return the balance and we will refund your money.

\$1,000 REWARD

We will pay \$1,000.00 if it can be proved that LEM-SAL has not conquered rheumatism in the most obstinate cases, according to bed-ridden patients' own admission.

IMPORTANT

Drugs are continually going up in price so we urge you to order now.

LEM-SAL CHEMICAL CO. 41 PARKROW NEW YORK

NACHUSA

Mr. and Mrs. W. Spangler and son Leon and Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Spangler were in Dixon Saturday.
Rev. and Mrs. King, Mrs. Mary Herbst and Miss Mary Sutton opened their camp at the Assembly park in Dixon Thursday afternoon to remain during the session.
Mr. and Mrs. George Null and Miss Minnie Baltzing motored to Chicago Thursday.
Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Pitzer and family were in Dixon on Saturday evening.
George Huyett motored to Dixon Wednesday.

Rev. Carl Sundberg, field secretary of Carthage college, will deliver the sermon at the church on Sunday morning.
Mr. and Mrs. Scott Spangler daughter Miss Elsie, attended ice cream social at the Brick and Wednesday evening.
Mr. and Mrs. D. Warner were here at the J. L. Welby home on Friday.
Mrs. Anna Bothe, daughter of and sons Clarence and Earl attended the funeral of Anton Freese Dixon Wednesday.
Mr. and Mrs. P. J. Burhenn of on called on friends in Nachusa week.



Wolf's POULTRY TONIC

Will Keep Your Chick Healthy

Wolf's Liquid Poultry Tonic mixed with the drinking water daily will prevent and relieve indigestion, diarrhoea, Leg Weakness, Gapes and other common ailments which destroy millions of chicks annually.

Wolf's Liquid Poultry Tonic also regulates the blood, bowels and digestive organs and is indispensable in preventing and treating Roup, Canker, Limberneck, Pip and other ailments among the hens.

COME IN TODAY and get a bottle on our money back guarantee.

Your Dealer is authorized to Refund Your Money if it fails to SATISFY.

Insist on Wolf's IT IS MADE TO SATISFY

PUBLIC DRUG & BOOK CO. J. T. THOME, ASHTON, ILL.
ROWLAND BROS. GEORGE D. LAING.

Carter's Little Liver Pills

You Cannot be Constipated and Happy

A Remedy That Makes Life Worth Living

Genuine bears signature

ABSENCE of Iron in the Blood is the reason for many colorless faces but

CARTER'S IRON PILL will greatly help most pale-faced people

TO THE PUBLIC

WE take great pleasure in informing you that we have added to our stock the Webb Poultry Remedies, Manufactured by the Webb Chemical Co., of St. Louis, Mo. After carefully inspecting this line we find the most Powerful and Effective Drugs known to science are used in the manufacture of same.

This line is endorsed by some of the Largest Poultry Raisers in the country, and guaranteed by the Manufacturers.

A personal inspection on your part would be appreciated by

PAUL A. STEPHENITCH, Sublette
IRA CURRENS, Nachusa
ROWLAND BROS., E. L. FISH, Franklin Grove, Ill.

Hotel Randolph

Randolph St. near La Salle St. Chicago.

Rooms \$1.00 Up
Free Shower Bath
Rooms with Private Bath \$1.50 Up

SOCIETY

COMING EVENTS

Tuesday.
Practical Club, Red Cross Shop.
Young Women's Bible Class of M. E. Church, Mrs. Chas. Meyers.
Practical Club, Red Cross Shop.

Wednesday.
Loveland Red Cross Unit, Mrs. Bert Robinson.
N. Galena Ave. Red Cross, Mrs. Jesse Gardner.
Lincoln Red Cross Unit, Mrs. Wm. Kimes.
Prairieville Social Circle, Mrs. Guy Book.
Nachusa Allied Relief, Mrs. Alice Welty.

From Mt. Morris.
Mrs. Hoover, of Mt. Morris, stopped in Dixon Saturday and was also the guest of Mrs. John Nettz.

Sunday Guests.
Mrs. C. H. McKee and son Nicholas of Milwaukee, were entertained Sunday by Miss Nell Fuestman.

Loveland R. C. Unit.
A meeting of the Loveland Red Cross Unit was held Wednesday with Mrs. Knapp at the home of Mrs. Haueter. Sewing on hospital garments and knitting was the work of the afternoon. Next Wednesday the unit will meet with Mrs. Bert Robinson.

Social at Eldena.
An ice cream social will be given next Tuesday evening on the lawn of the Eldena church by the members of the Eldena Floral Association.

At Luncheon.
Miss Annie Eustace entertained at Sunday evening luncheon, Mrs. A. S. Hyde, of Chicago, was the guest of honor.

From Clinton.
Mr. and Mrs. John McGraw and daughter May, of Clinton, Ia., spent Friday with Dixon friends. A son, David, who has been spending the past week at the John Loftus home returned with them to Clinton.

With Dixon Relatives.
Mrs. Frank L. Barry and son Robert, arrived Saturday morning from Kansas for an extended visit with relatives and friends.

From Geneseo.
The Misses Mary and Anna Johnson returned Friday from a vacation visit in Geneseo at the Fred Wetterhall home. Mrs. Wetterhall and little daughter Ruth, came with them to make an over Sunday visit.

From Visit in Iowa.
Mrs. G. L. Howell and Mrs. R. W. Sproul have returned from a visit in Burlington, Ia., at the Henry Todd home.

Visits Relatives.
Milton Leydig is here visiting his brothers, A. L. and Henry Leydig, and his sister, Mrs. Moody Hinds. Mr. Leydig lives at Helena, Mont.

Vacation Visit.
Miss Gertrude Youngman has returned from a week's vacation visit in Rockford at the home of her brother and in Rochelle at the home of Robert Brundage and daughters.

To Freeport.
Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Gilbert and Mrs. F. J. Rosbroow motored to Freeport today.

In Grand Detour.
Mr. and Mrs. H. T. Noble and family took Sunday evening luncheon in Grand Detour.

Prairieville Social Circle.
A meeting of the Prairieville Social Circle will be held Wednesday with Mrs. Guy Book. The work at this all day meeting, with scramble luncheon at noon, will be furnished by the C. N. D.

BY MAIL.
The Dixon Evening Telegraph is in Lee and adjoining counties, \$4.00 a year in advance.

FRAIL Girls
—the pale, timid sort—are short in vitality. Proper glasses and suitable food are wonder workers for such.

Dr. W. F. Aydelotte
Neurologist and Health Instructor
228 Crawford Ave., Dixon, Illinois.
Phone 160 for Appointments

NOTICE
Although everything connected with my business has advanced, my prices remain the same:
Plain shampoo, 50c; with hot oil or witch hazel, .75c
Curling and dressing 10c to 25c extra.
Hair dressing, .25c to 50c
Manicuring, .50c
Facial massage, \$1.00 per hour.
Facial massage, per half hour, .50c
Switches made from combings, per ounce, .50c
FLORENCE E. DUSTMAN
Beauty Shop

THE WIFE

By JANE PHELPS

LIFE'S THRESHOLD

CHAPTER I.

With Mrs. Watson
Miss Olive Estes, of Milwaukee, is the guest of her sister, Mrs. J. W. Watson.

Day in Sterling.
Mrs. C. P. Reid and children and Mrs. Waters spent Friday in Sterling, the guests of Prof. and Mrs. Albert Scovill.

From Ashton.
Mrs. Rolland Moore is expecting her husband's grandfather, Mr. Moates, of Ashton, to make her a visit this week and while here to attend the Assembly.

Visited in Moline.
Mrs. J. D. Hill and daughter, Miss Vada, returned Friday evening from Moline where they have been the guests of Mrs. Elizabeth Barge Martin.

Husband in France.
Mrs. Rolland Moore, of Ashton, who is making her home with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Graehling, here, during the absence of her husband, has learned of his safe arrival in France. He is a first Sergeant in the Ordnance Department, 2nd Casual Co.

Visited in Warren.
Miss Helen Brown has returned from a week's visit with Miss Henrietta Renwick, at Warren, Ill.

Returned From Visit.
Mrs. Theodore Moeller returned Friday evening from a visit with her sons, Ernest, of Wheaton, and Roy, of Great Lakes, and her daughter, Miss Carolyn, of Chicago.

Big Moose Dance.
What is anticipated as one of the best attended of Moose dances will be held next Thursday evening at the Moose club house. The Marquette orchestra will furnish the music and Company F of Dixon will attend in a body, marching from the Armory to Moose hall. An invitation is extended to everybody to come out and make it a pleasant evening for the members of the Home Guards.

Cheap Spice Cake.
1 cup sugar, 1 cup butter, 1 cup cold water, 1 teaspoon each of cinnamon and allspice and 1-2 teaspoon cloves, 1 cup raisins. Boil all 5 minutes; let cool. Add 1 teaspoon soda dissolved in a little hot water, 1 egg, parts beaten separately, and 1 3-4 cups flour, measuring after sifting. Bake in loaf and use without frosting.

Breakfast for Everybody.
Are you a man, woman, boy or girl? Rich man, poor man, beggar man? No matter who you are or what you are doing for a living the United States food administration has a message for you regarding breakfast.

Children's Special Menu—
Orange juice,
Cornmeal mush,
Toasted muffins,
Milk.
For Out-Door Worker
Fresh pineapple,
Cornmeal mush and milk,
Omelet,
Oatmeal muffins,
Strained honey.
For Office—
Peaches,
Corn flakes with top milk,
Barley muffins,
Coffee.

N. Galena Red Cross.
A meeting of the North Galena Ave. Red Cross will be held Wednesday afternoon with Mrs. Jesse Gardner.

At Pine Creek.
Mr. and Mrs. Rosa Boyce were Sunday dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. Lee Stauffer of Pine Creek.

Lincoln Red Cross.
A meeting of the Lincoln Red Cross unit will be held Wednesday with Mrs. Wm. Kimes of Lincoln Way. It is especially urged that each member be present as there is special business to transact.

Week End Here.
D. L. Hoover of Sterling and Clarence E. Snell of Oak Park spent the week end with Edward T. Howell.

Mr. Snell graduated with the 1918 class of the University of Illinois and is now in the Third Officers' Training camp at Camp Grant.

To Camp Grant.
Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Carson and Mr. and Mrs. Harry Carson went to Camp Grant yesterday and visited Mr. Dickey, Mrs. Harry Carson's brother, stationed there.

Family Reunion.
In honor of Milton I. Leydig of Helena, Mont., who is making his first visit here in eleven years, the members of the Leydig family of Dixon enjoyed a picnic dinner at Lowell park Sunday. Mr. Leydig during his absence has been successful in mining and is now on a business trip to Detroit and Pittsburgh. The following were present: Mr. and Mrs. A. B. McWilliams, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Gerdes and son Edward, Mr. and Mrs. S. M. Hinds and family, Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Leydig, all of Dixon; Mr. and Mrs. Frank W. Brooks and family and Mr. and Mrs. Geo. A. Sturtz and family of Amboy; and Irving F. Leydig of the U. S. Army, from Rock Island Arsenal.

The Evening Telegraph delivered by carrier boy at your door in the city of Dixon and The Chicago Tribune delivered by the postman both one year for \$8.50. For further particulars call No. 6.

Ruth Madden had promised to marry Brian Hackett, a handsome young lawyer. Brian was poor, but both he and Ruth planned that soon he would be getting large fees from wealthy individuals or corporations. So, one beautiful day in the fall, when the leaves were turning from red and brown to gold, they were married.

"I'll not give you a cent if you marry him" Ruth's wealthy aunt had said. "Not that I have anything particular against Brian, but you'll neither of you be happy. He is accustomed to economizing, to going without things—you know he worked his way thru college—while you are accustomed to a very different sort of a life. How will you like to wash dishes and make beds? He won't be able to afford a servant. Look at your hands! How long will they look as they do now? No, Ruth, if you marry him before he has succeeded in making something more than a lawyer's clerk of himself, you need expect no help from me!" When her aunt pressed her lips together as they were after she had delivered the foregoing speech, Ruth knew there was nothing to do but to accept as final whatever she had decided. But—Ruth was young, and youth is hopeful.

"I can give you a fairly comfortable home, Ruth, though of course nothing like the only you have with your aunt. But I'll soon make more money, and then we will show her that I can take care of you as well as she can." Brian had said to the girl he loved.

Ruth was in love, so had faith that Brian knew what he was talking about and had promised to marry him in spite of her aunt's objections.

FIRST LOVE
Ruth Madden was an orphan. Her widowed aunt, Mrs. Clayborne, had taken her into her home when Ruth was only ten years old, and had cared for and indulged her ever since. Ruth was now twenty.

The small southern town in which Mrs. Clayborne always had lived, was the home of a relative of Brian's. He had visited them, and Ruth had fallen in love with his handsome face, his strong physique, his manners. Then too, his impetuous wooing, had taken her "off her feet" as her aunt expressed it. When he returned home—to a mid-western city—he wrote such long, loving, eloquent letters that Ruth, in her inexperience, saw everything in the future as he pictured it. When her aunt gave voice to her doubts of Brian's ability to care for her niece, Ruth would produce one of his letters and read it aloud. No one could fail to be convinced after listening to what he had

written—so she thought.

But Laura Clayborne was made of sterner stuff. She saw only the silly visionings of a young man in love and the foolish trust of an inexperienced girl whose life had been one of ease and luxury in as far as creature comforts were concerned.

Since her husband's death the year Ruth lost both her parents and came to her aunt's home to live, Laura Clayborne had not left the small town in which she lived, save once when she was obliged to go to New York on business connected with the settling of her husband's estate.

Ruth had never been away. Her aunt did not believe in boarding schools, and neither could she bring herself to part with Ruth. So, in the end, she had been engaged, and Ruth's education had gone on right at home.

ARTISTIC INCLINATIONS

From a child, Ruth had evinced a passionate love of the beautiful—in nature, in surroundings, in clothes—and her taste was sought by her aunt when making any changes in the old colonial house or its furnishings.

The house still remained much as it always had been, a wide veranda on one side, and a sleeping porch, being about the only changes. But the interior had been altered, redecorated and refurnished until now it was one of the most luxurious homes in town. Mrs. Clayborne had given Ruth a free hand in the renovation of part of the house, and these rooms were exquisite. Ruth had studied the works of the best decorators, and had been wise enough to take from them only what was adapted to the old style architecture; these ideas she had combined with her own, and the result had been really a most artistic and luxurious home for herself and her aunt.

She loved this work. She loved to handle the rich stuffs of which the draperies were fashioned—the tapes, the silks and laces which she was allowed to order. Her own rooms, a tiny sitting room, bedroom and bath, were done in palest rose color. The rugs had great sprawling branches of wild roses woven in them; the draperies were of rose-colored silk and lace, with the bed covers to match. The furniture was of dainty shapes, the desk of rose-wood, the bric-a-brac all appropriate to the rooms of a young girl, yet not one piece too many—as would have been the case with many girls who were allowed to have whatever they wanted. The other rooms, too, were all beautifully and appropriately furnished. But in both her own and her aunt's private apartments, she had allowed her ideas of beauty of color and material full sway.

Country Club Supper.
The picnic supper served at the Country club Friday evening; following an afternoon spent by members of the golf club in qualifying for the handicap cup contests, was most enjoyable, participated in by about 75 members and friends. All members who wished to enter the contests did not complete qualifying until today.

With Mrs. Overmier.
A meeting of the City Athletic club, every minute of which was pleasant, was held with Mrs. Overmier as hostess at her home of her sister, Mrs. Lewis Hammond; 18 were present including Mrs. Horace Bonip of Chicago, who came with her sister, Mrs. Guy Morrison, whom she is visiting, and little Miss Betty Lee Morrison who was present at her first club meeting. Refreshments were served by Mrs. Overmier and her sister.

Mrs. Colson Here.
Mrs. T. Colson of Sedalia, Mo., is a guest of her father, Conrad Gonnerman, having arrived on Sunday evening.

On Vacation.
Mrs. Eleanor Curtin is taking a vacation from the O. H. Brown store. Part of the time will be spent in Chicago.

Guy and Ray Miller went to Polo today on business.

Max Lett went to Sublette today.

What Was His Nationality?
When a building laborer in New York was injured, the policeman who went with the ambulance reported "It's nothing; a man lost his balance and fell over a Limerick limousine." The lieutenant at the station wondered all the afternoon, until the policeman came in off his post and explained that the man fell over a wheelbarrow. May be you can guess the policeman's ancestry.

Washing the Hose.
Into a room full of company rushed Donald, soaking wet from head to foot. "Why, Donald!" exclaimed his astonished mother, "where have you been?" "I been," gulped Donald. "I been washin' the hose!"

In Sterling.
Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Blass and sons Leo and Harold motored to Sterling Sunday and visited at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Blass.

TOO LATE TO CLASSIFY

FOR SALE. House of 6 rooms, bath, furnace, gas, large basement, lot 10x150, shed with cement floor, chicken house, fruit trees, located on macadam street. Call at 514 Dixon Ave. 1681f

FOR SALE. 3 room tent in first class condition. Will be sold cheap. I. S. Brayhill, Lowell Park Lodge, Phone 12111. 172 4*

FOR RENT. Modern house on First St., at 408 First St. Enquire at Tink's Coal Office. 172 2

LOST. Rose pink silk sweater between the Assembly grounds and Vossing Saturday evening. Finder please leave at this office and receive reward. 172 4*

WANTED. Dishwasher at the Manhattan Cafe. 172 3

WANTED. 2 or 3 furnished rooms for light housekeeping, two in family; North Dixon preferred. Address J. Care Telegraph. 172 2*

WANTED. Horse and surrey or buggy. E. Hucker, 403 Sherman Ave. 172 2

WANTED. Man or woman for kitchen work at Nachusa tavern. 172 3

LOST. Man's Elk signet ring with diamond set. Reward if returned to Charles E. Miller, Boynton & Richards clothing store. 172 2

Miss Davies Home.
Miss Marion Davies, of Washington, D. C., is home for two months' vacation with her mother, Mrs. Mary Davies of Hennepin avenue.

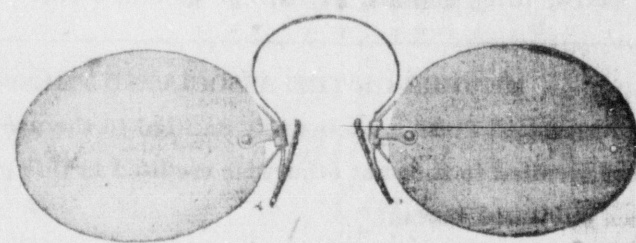
At Dinner.
Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Gullion of North Dixon had as their dinner guests Sunday evening Mr. and Mrs. John H. Byers.

AT CHICAGO HOSPITAL.
Mrs. A. R. Beede, who underwent an operation at St. Elizabeth's hospital in Chicago a week ago, is getting along well.

CONDEMNATION CASE SETTLED OUT OF COURT.
The Dabler-Walter-Illinois Central condemnation proceedings in county court came to a sudden close this afternoon when the jury was dismissed and the judge stated that the case was settled out of court.

'TIS DRYING SEASON
NATIONAL WAR GARDEN COMMISSION

COMFORT--While Golfing



There is a double pleasure to any athletic sport when glasses are fitted with the Klingtite mounting, the clip that holds your eyeglasses securely on the nose, in the correct optical position, without pinching, tilting or binding.

Fitted to any eyeglass

Open Saturday Evenings

DIXON'S EXCLUSIVE OPTICAL SHOP

Dr. Geo. McGraham, Optician

206 First St., Dixon, Ill.

Illinois Centennial State Fair and Industrial Exposition

AUGUST 9-26

Greatest Fair on Earth. The Fair of Quality
Twelve Active Days and Evenings.

WONDERFUL AND MAGNIFICENT STOCK SHOW—\$100,000 in premiums.
SPEED PROGRAM \$20,000—Live, snappy races. August 19 to 24 inclusive.
DERBY DAY—August 24th.
CENTENNIAL MACHINERY EXHIBIT—Showing latest labor saving devices—Acres of farm machinery.
AUTOMOBILE RACES—Barney Oldfield, Chevrolet and others—\$7,500 offered—racing dates Aug. 13, 14, 15, and 17th, first week of Fair.
MOTORCYCLE RACES—\$2,000 offered—3 days—Monday, Aug. 12; Wed., Aug. 14; and Friday, Aug. 16.
AUTO POLO—Every afternoon and night—The game that captures them all. Real excitement.
\$25,000 CIRCUS EVERY AFTERNOON AND NIGHT—Coliseum, commencing Monday, Aug. 12, and closing Saturday night, Aug. 24. 25 big acts—Three rings—and hundreds of people participating.
UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT EXHIBIT—Consisting of a kinds of War relics—Modern guns and war material and up-to-date educational features cover 15,000 square feet of floor space.
BRITISH GOVERNMENT EXHIBIT—Of all kinds of war relics direct from the Western Battlefield fronts—showing first German Zeppelin brought down by the British aviators, also the aeroplane participating in the battle of the air—a duplicate shell of the one sinking the Lusitania, and 1,100 other war specimens used in active service.
AUTOMOBILE SHOW—In exclusive, special decorated tent—150x250 feet—showing latest models and types of machines.
CHILDREN'S DAYS—Monday, Aug. 12, and Monday, Aug. 19—All children under 15 years of age admitted free.
BANDS—Well's Chicago Concert Band—Liberator's Concert Band with 16 grand opera singers—Watch Factory Band—Capitol City Band—Peoria Municipal Band—Decatur Band and Lincoln Band.
OLD SOLDIERS' DAY—Wednesday, August 14th—See program.
POULTRY SHOW—Including live exhibit from Government Farm—Egg laying contest and utility classes.
MILLION DOLLAR LIVE STOCK PARADE—Friday afternoon, Aug. 23d.
ANIMAL AND BIRD EXHIBIT—Native Illinois wild animals and birds.
NEW FISH AQUARIUMS—Containing all sizes and kinds of live fish—also showing the breeding and hatching of the same.
BABY HEALTH CONFERENCE—Two weeks—Popular baby show under direct supervision of Department of Health.
BEAUTIFUL ART EXHIBITS—Something new and attractive.
STATE EDUCATIONAL EXHIBITS—From universities, colleges, high schools and rural schools—model school buildings, new, interesting and attractive.
STATE DEPARTMENT OF HEALTH—Absolutely new, educational and instructive.
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS—Exhibiting in about all departments, real educational, showing how you can improve and better conditions.
TEXTILE FABRICS AND ART—Up-to-date and interesting.
MANUFACTURERS' AND EXPOSITION BUILDING—Containing everything that the name implies.
APIARY—Solving sugar shortage problem.
FRUIT, CULINARY AND PANTRY STORES—Interesting and instructive this year, on account of rulings and demands of food administration.
CUT FLOWERS AND DECORATIONS—Renews every day. The new miniature Dome will be full.
FAIRY AVENUE—NEW SHOWS—Of a patriotic nature.
JUDGING OF LIVE STOCK—In all stock pavilions beginning Monday morning, August 19th, and lasting all week.
SOCIETY HORSE SHOW—Beginning on the night of August 19th, and each night during the week.
BOYS' STATE FAIR SCHOOL AND JUDGING CONTEST—325 live boys—Helping win the war.
GIRLS' DOMESTIC SCIENCE SCHOOL—200 girls—two weeks' learning how to comply with food administration rules.
TENTED CITY—Accommodating 1,000 families—See premium list for cost and detailed information—Camp grounds are beautiful, convenient—The eating and sleeping problems all solved.
CENTENNIAL DAY—The last day of the Fair—Monday, August 26th, Ex-President Roosevelt to speak.
GOVERNOR AND STATE OFFICERS' DAY—Thursday, August 15th.
NEW DOME BUILDING—A temporary structure 100 ft. by 100 ft., on old site, housing Culinary, Horticulture and Floriculture Depts.
MINE RESCUE CAR—United States Government will demonstrate mine rescue work in a glass house car at South end of Machinery Hall.
FISH AND GAME—Division of Illinois Dept. of Agriculture will have the Fish Car on special siding built in on grounds near southeast gate entrance.
100 YEARS comparison will be made by all exhibitors in all departments.
OLD RELICS DEPT. will be exceedingly interesting this year. Large special display of valuable collections.
CENTENNIAL YEAR—Tremendous crowds—A Fair to interest all—The real Fair—Ask your county clerk for a premium list.
THE FAIR will be so big this year that you should take a full week to study and visit all Departments—See it all and appreciate it. We built it for you. Now take advantage of the opportunity.

J. E. TAGGART, President.

B. M. DAVISON, Secretary

DIXON EVENING TELEGRAPH

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MEMBER OF AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATION.

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By Mail, in Lee or adjoining Counties: Per year, \$4; six months, \$2.25;
three months, \$1.25; one month, \$.50.
By Mail, outside Lee and adjoining Counties: Per year, \$5.00; six
months, \$2.75; three months, \$1.75; one month, \$.60.

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of all news credited to it or not otherwise credited in this paper and also the
local news published herein.

All right of republication of special dispatches herein are also reserved.

LIBERTY LOAN EXPENSES

It may be doubted whether any nation ever got so much value for a
given amount of money as the United States has got for the expenditure of
a certain \$2,709,480.30 during the last year. That is the precise cost of
floating our three big Liberty loans.

For that expenditure—which went mostly for paper, engraving and
clerk hire—the treasury department has nearly nine billions of cash. The
raising of that vast sum of money actually cost the government only a little
more than two cents for every \$100 raised. It is the cheapest bond-distrib-
ution on record.

Most of the credit, no doubt, should go to the bankers, merchants and
other private citizens who so generously gave their time and business facili-
ties to the sale of bonds. That, however, is an unimportant detail. No-
body is quarreling about credit. It is simply a fine, big national achieve-
ment.

More has been gotten for that money, too, than the mere war sinews.
It has been an educational fund, richly productive in the new enthusiasm
for thrift and the knowledge of sound investment principles that it has giv-
en the American people.

The habit of thrift, in many cases, has been started in homes where
there has not been thrift before; where there has been no saving. The
habit, once formed, will stick, and the American people, a wasteful people,
will become a thrifty people. The campaign in education will be renewed
in the sale of the fourth issue of Liberty bonds from September 28 to Oct-
ober 19. The drive should be the more easily accomplished for what has
gone before. Out of war we learn many lessons.

PHOTOGRAPHS OF NAVY HEROES WANTED

The Navy Department is collecting photographs of enlisted men who
lose their lives in the war that their memory may be perpetuated. Secre-
tary Daniels asks relatives or others having such photographs to lend them
to the Navy that copies may be made for the Navy's records. Originals
will be returned to the owners as fast as copies can be made.

A photograph of each man is to be forwarded by the Navy Department
to the training station where he began his career in the service. At each of
such stations a memorial gallery of honor or a hero's corner is to be estab-
lished so that for all time the face of the man of the Navy who has made
the supreme sacrifice may be honored by the youth of the future sent to
the station for training.

All pictures, loaned or contributed, should be securely wrapped for
mailing after they have been marked with the name, branch of service, and
training station the young man entered after enlistment. They should be
addressed to the Recruiting Division, Bureau of Navigation, Navy Depart-
ment, Washington, D. C. Care will be taken to return safely the photo-
graph to the sender, when desired, together with one of the copies made
of it.

DRYING AND PICKLING FOR A CHANGE

Supplementing your shelves of canned fruit and vegetables, jams and
jellies, should be another shelf this year, of jars or paper bags filled with
dried products. And the old-fashioned family pickle jar, too, should have
a place in the provision pantry.

Drying and pickling as household arts, up to the beginning of the war,
had gone out of fashion even more than canning and jellying. Now they
are to come back into their own, and the State Council of Defense has set
aside the week of July 29th to August 3d to do them particular honor.

Do you remember the fat round grains of corn parched in butter that
your grandmother used to let you make to while away a rainy afternoon?
Much better than pop corn, you thought then. Do you recall the great
stone jar of pickles that stood behind the pantry door; and the spiced
peaches stuck full of cloves that made Sunday night supper a feast? In
those days a trip to the "dark room" down cellar or to the preserve closet
gave a wider selection of food than a hotel menu gives today.

The revival of the preserve closet, with its rows and rows of food jars
is one of the most patriotic pieces of work to which the housewife can give
her attention during the summer and early fall.

More than a million American troops are reported to be overseas. On-
ly 200,000 of them are reported as engaged with the French and British in
the present fighting in the Soissons-Rheims-Chateau Thierry triangle. But
already they have gotten Fritz's goat. When their comrades in arms are
prepared to join them at the front they will get Fritz himself.



CITY IN BRIEF

—Subscribe for the Telegraph—the
oldest paper in Lee County, now in
its 68th year.

A. P. Armington is on a business
trip which includes Chicago, Peoria,
and several down state cities.

Lester Wilhelm is taking his vaca-
tion from the Dixon National Bank.

B. S. Schildberg and George Pres-
cott are spending their vacation on
a trip into Minnesota.

F. M. Thompson of Oregon was in
town Saturday.

J. A. Weaver of Sterling was here
Saturday.

Miss Myrtle F. Rice is home from
a visit in Chicago.

Jacob Adams, of Oregon, was in
town Friday.

Mrs. A. J. Scriven is quite ill at
her home on E. Seventh Street.

Thomas Spees, who was formerly
connected with the State Epileptic
Colony here, is now engaged as an
attendant at the Kankakee hospital
at Kankakee, Ill.

John Bennett and family and Mr.
and Mrs. Jule Petit motored to Camp
Grant Sunday morning and visited
with friends.

Mrs. James Sterling has gone to
Rockford to spend a few days with
her husband at Camp Grant.

Mr. and Mrs. Hiram Eberly have
returned from a business visit in
South Haven, Mich.

Mrs. Ida Rhodes of Davis Junction
was here today on business.

Attorney Robert H. Scott went to
Sterling this afternoon on business.

Charles McCorry Jr. came home
Sunday from the Great Lakes Train-
ing station to visit his father.

Major and Mrs. Bradford Brinton
went to Chicago this morning for a
few days' stay.

Mr. Comerford, representing the
well known firm, Daniel Hayes Co.,
of Chicago, is at the Nachusa tavern.
He expects to be in Dixon for some
time on business connected with his
firm.



It seems like th' older we git th'
easier it is fer a shoe clerk t' sell us
somethin' we don't want. Some folks
have even got nerve enough t' ask
fer th' loan of an auto.

CHICAGO MARKETS

Simons, Day & Co., Chicago.
Chicago, July 29.

Corn—
July 154 154½ 152½ 152½
Aug 154½ 155 152½ 152½
Sept 155½ 156 153½ 154

Corn—
July 76 76½ 74½ 74½
Aug 70½ 70½ 69½ 69½
Sept 69½ 69½ 68½ 68½

CASH GRAIN—
Barley—100 to 111.

Wheat—
1 red—226.
2 red—223 to 224.
3 red—220 to 221.

1 hard—226 to 228.
2 hard—224.
4 hard—219.

Corn—
3 mixed—155.
5 mixed—147 1-4.
6 mixed—135.

2 yellow—170 to 174.
3 yellow—166 to 171.
4 yellow—155 to 160.

5 yellow—150 to 155.
3 white—176.
4 white—168.

5 white—160.
6 white—135 to 140 1-2.
Sample grade—100 to 135.

Old Oats—
2 white—76 1-2 to 77 1-4.
3 white—74 to 76 1-2.
Standard—74 1-2 to 77.

New—
2 white—77 1-4.
3 white—76 1-2.
Standard—77.

No. 2 rye—162 to 163 1-2.

Livestock Receipts—
Hogs 36,000, 10c higher.
Bulk of sales—1785 to 1895.

Mixed—1765 to 1850.
Heavy—1865 to 1885.
Rough—1700 to 1735.

Light—1880 to 1905.
Cattle—16,000, steady to 5c high-
er, top 1850.
Sheep—19,000, steady.

White paper for the picnic supper
table, 1 cent a sheet, at this office.

\$100.00 at Six Per Cent

per annum interest pays Six Dollars for the year's
vacation you give it

A "HOOSIER" KITCHEN CABINET

in her kitchen, made Little Wife, one of the

HAPPIEST LITTLE BUSYBODIES

about her kitchen work, you ever saw; she Sang as she Worked;
she Worked as she sang, the Joy and Pleasure in the use of her
"HOOSIER" BEAUTY made Work seem like PLAY and the CON-
VENIENCES of the scientifically designed "HOOSIER," CUT OUT
so MANY steps; steps that USED TO TIRE her; saved so MUCH
TIME too, that

SHE ACTUALLY SAVED CHICKENS

enough to pay for the cabinet; (LITTLE chicks you know, chicks
that NEEDED care and attention just at THAT time in order that
they might later become BIG chickens for the table and market)
YES, a woman with a little SPARE TIME will always find good,
practical use FOR that spare time.

AN "AUTOMATIC" REFRIGERATOR
HELPED A BIT TOO

Its glistening, snowy white interior that was as smooth as a china plate was
SO EASY to keep sweet and spotlessly clean and being so PURELY sweet
and sanitarily clean there was NO ILLNESS in THAT family no indeed.
Why, on the very HOTTEST and SULTRIEST, MUGGILY, STUFFY
days the folks would come to the table a bit depressed from the heat and
lacking good, hearty appetites and you JUST KNOW things brought from
the "AUTOMATIC" and set on the table were so freshly crisp, so sweetly
fresh, so invitingly cold and so mighty appetizing that fatigue was FOR-
GOTTEN, splendid food was RELISHED and because it WAS good food
with ALL its original, strength supplying elements PRESERVED, every-
body felt FINE and FIT and as to the afternoon's WORK: why, they ALL
WENT TO IT FEELING FINE, they DID fine, they SLASHED into the
work; they MADE moves and MADE EVERY move COUNT and of
COURSE it does MEAN REAL MONEY when work at the RIGHT time
IS done.

THERE WAS A HANGING

of a Hammock Couch Swing, too; one of those long affairs that a MAN can lie on
stretched out FULL LENGTH; spring fabric that had enough GIVE to it to be com-
fortable, yet didn't SAG; with a pad thick and SOFT enough to be restful but NOT
hot; with an adjustable head end rest, that a fellow could lie flat or, if he wanted to
read his paper, he could have the end raised to support his head and shoulders and after
he'd READ awhile, he could just D R O W S E off and be SO relaxed and rest, R E S T .

OF COURSE

THE man of the house wasn't the ONLY one who enjoyed the Hammock Swing; lit-
tle NELL was found MANY a time soundly sleeping on the Hammock Swing in the
shade; SIS SUE said it was SO nice when a lot of company came; took the place of
three or four chairs, and the BOYS, THEY said, "Never mind COMPANY, but that old
Hammock Swing's MOST as good as CAMP-ING OUT when you CAN'T camp out."
Ma IS a busy mortal; seemed 's if Ma didn't NEED to rest the way SHE kept digging
around at SOMETHING or other ALL the time; but even MA had to give in that that
old Hammock Swing was worth its weight in gold cause SHE said that after forty
winks of sleep on it she felt so somehow sort of RESTED and STRENGTHENED.

\$100.00 PAID FOR ALL OF THEM

PA says, "The President is mighty level headed when he says he wants us to SAVE but
not to be PENURIOUS—SAVING isn't ALTOGETHER doing WITHOUT; it isn't do-
ing without AT ALL if doing WITHOUT means FEELING so, that you can't MAKE
MORE than if you DIDN'T do without—it's a case of doing WITH the things that are
SENSIBLE if the sensible things DO YOU GOOD and MOST all the sensible things
that are NORMAL NEEDS are needed EVEN MORE right NOW than if it didn't
make so MUCH difference whether we turned out work and FELT like hustling to
PRODUCE RESULTS."

Well, THAT'S what PA said; OH, YES, Pa said, "\$100.00 put out at six per cent would
have been an AWFUL DEAR six per cent and a mighty worthless Hundred Dollars if
I'd PUT IT OUT INSTEAD of buying the HOOSIER Cabinet and the AUTOMATIC
refrigerator and the Hammock Swing, considering what they did for us."

Maybe Pa's right 'cause

You Can Do Better at

KEYES AHRENS FURNITURE CO.

Furnish Your Home—Cellar to Attic

DIXON

Free Delivery Everywhere

THE NIGHT FLYER

By HENRY M. NEELY

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CHAPTER X.

Face to Face.

If I had expected to see some signs of the coward in Miguel Casserta, I was disappointed. As I leaped from my Blériot to the firm, smooth sand and advanced toward him, he stood awaiting me, his arms folded, a sneer of contempt upon his curling lips, and not the slightest sign of weakness in his eyes.

Behind him stood by little girl, the picture of uncertainty and despair.

I knew that he had been speaking to her in quick, sharp sentences; even as I advanced upon him he half turned his head and flung another word at her and she seemed to quiver. From her, at least, I thought that I should receive a look of real joy—of approval if not actual encouragement.

But the hazel eyes flashed me no such message. Instead, she seemed to cover behind the Mexican as though she sought protection there, and she regarded me with a gaze of mingled uncertainty and fear.

When I saw that this was so, I stopped short in my tracks, Casserta's cutting voice was the first to break the tension.

"It is unfortunate," he said, "that Senorita Provan became nervous—up there. Otherwise the senior would have avoided the unpleasant duty he now faces."

"What do you mean?" I demanded.

He shrugged.

"My aim was perfect before I felt her move," he said. "It disconcerted me and so I missed my mark. Otherwise—" and again he shrugged.

"I see," I answered in a voice that was intended to be equally sarcastic. "And the second time Miss Provan disconcerted you even more, didn't she? She did not seem to desire to avoid this meeting. Possibly she is even glad that I have overtaken you and that I have you here now where you cannot get away."

He stepped aside with a deep and exaggerated bow.

"If Senor Carrigan desires," he said, "he may ascertain Senorita Provan's views without difficulty." We both stood there looking at her. It may have been because I so ardently desired to see a sign favorable to me that I fancied the faintest shrinking of her whole body as though she were being compelled to do a loathsome deed.

But, whether it was fancy on my part or not, it lasted but an instant, and I knew, as her calm eyes met mine, that my little girl had turned against me.

"What I did up there," she said, in her rich, even tones, "was done because, otherwise, you would have fallen upon us and endangered us."

I started and stared at her in unbelief. Casserta smiled—a leering, triumphant flash of a smile that stabbed me like a knife.

"Was—that was—the only reason?" I stammered.

She arched her brows. "What other reason could there have been?" she asked evenly.

Again I stammered and glanced from one to the other. Finally I found my tongue.

"I thought," I said, striving hard for self-control—"I thought, perhaps, you did not want me killed in cold blood, as Linderman has just been killed."

"Has—" She almost betrayed herself into a start of horror, but a quick, flashing glance from Casserta, which I only half saw, seemed to put her in command of herself again.

"Senor Linderman?" Casserta's tone sounded genuinely sympathetic. "Surely you do not mean that my good friend Senor Linderman has had a fatal accident?"

I stared at him, fascinated by the colossal assurance of the man, by his wonderful mastery of expression, by the perfection of art which enabled him to act his part so well. I had already made up my mind that Linderman had met with a foul death and that this Mexican was his murderer.

"Quit this acting, Casserta," I said in an even tone as I could command. "You know and I know and Miss Provan knows the kind of fatal accident that Linderman has had. You have made good your threat. Your 'little angel of the fiery tongue' has spoken to him."

I heard from the girl behind him the unmistakable sound of an exclamation of dismay, choked back by almost superhuman efforts. My shaft was a pointed one, and I purposely had made it so, for I intended to surprise him out of his baffling attitude of innocence.

But I failed. Never have I met so iron-nerved a man as Miguel Casserta.

"You speak in riddles, senior," he said, his eyes darkening. "Senor Linderman was a friend whom I esteemed highly. I have made no threats, nor do I know the meaning of your 'fiery angel.'"

"You lie!" I flung at him, beginning to lose control as my rage mounted. "You lie, and you know it! I have been—"

But Catherine Provan cut me short as I was about to reveal to him how much I knew of his recent actions. She stepped forward with a tolerant smile, as though she felt the necessity of being polite, but felt, too, that she

had borne enough from me.

"Mr. Carrigan," she said, "what you tell us about Mr. Linderman comes as a terrible shock, in the light of what has occurred in the last few days. I have been having a little innocent fun with you, Mr. Carrigan—fun that, I beg you to believe, was absolutely without motive at the time, but that now seems ghastly and criminal in view of the awful coincidence of which you have just told us the details."

"Ghastly! Ghastly! But I trust you will believe me when I assure you again that I was merely playing a joke on you—one in poor taste perhaps, but one that was serving to relieve the ennui of my lonely days."

"But now it has all ended in tragedy—all in tragedy! The only thing that I can ask you to do is to forgive me for having toyed with you—forgive me and go."

I had no words with which to answer her. Indeed, I had no coherent thoughts to make words of. I stared at her and shook my head, for I could not believe that she meant what she said. Finally I managed to blurt out:

"You—you wish me to go, then? You say it was all a—a joke? The whole thing?"

She nodded gravely and, turning, walked away.

At my left, Casserta watched her a moment, and then, bowing to me, said in a tone that sounded heartfelt and sincere: "I regret all of this, senior. I regret it now because—I begin to understand some things that have not presented themselves before. The senior will please believe that he has my heart's sympathy; but it happens that I know his desires to be without hope."

I swung slowly about on my heel and walked in a daze toward my machine.

"If Senor Carrigan will be so kind," I heard Casserta say behind me, "it would be the generous act to see that my mechanic is brought here with repair parts for my skid struts. I fear they are hopelessly smashed and that we are prisoners until we receive assistance."

I raised my voice so that the girl could hear me.

"I can take Miss Provan back with me if she cares to go," I said.

She swung around with a look that I thought betrayed eagerness until she caught the eye of Casserta, and then she only bowed and said: "You are very kind, but I prefer to remain here."

I had turned away again when I caught a few words that Casserta was saying to her under his breath:—"last time. The ship will be in to-night," I heard.

I gave them not so much as another glance as I mounted to my seat.

The engine answered to my hand, and I started down the long, level stretch of sand and rose at the other end. I did not circle over the flat in the usual climb to be sure that all was working well. Instead, with a heart of lead, and not caring much whether things were working or not, I made a right turn as I rose and headed for the flying field.

Spurred! Laughed at! A toy in the hands of a beautiful, heartless woman! No, by heavens! I would not believe it of her. She was lying under duress. She had floated me under some threat of which I could know nothing. She had been compelled to lead me away from Casserta's trail under fear of some catastrophe of which I was ignorant.

I glanced back as these thoughts came rushing over me. She had sunk to the ground in a pathetic heap, and had buried her face in her hands. Over her stood Casserta watching me as I flew away and left him in safety to continue the business that was breaking her heart.

And there my dull brain woke up and revolted against the cloud of mystery that was enveloping it.

I could get no solution on the flying field. I could get none from the two on that strip of sand.

Very well then, I would get it where the mystery was deepest. I shoved my right foot forward and headed for the point!

CHAPTER XI.

Bluffing It Out.

In the fifteen minutes that it took me to come in sight of the point, I managed to set myself down as more kinds of a fool than I had ever heard mentioned in all the previous years of my life. Half a dozen times I was on the point of turning around and going back to Miguel Casserta to say the things to him that now sprang to my mind; to seize him bodily and fling him into my passenger seat, and fly with him to the field where Linderman's shattered corpse lay.

But the puzzle of Catherine Provan deterred me.

There was not a sign of life about the huts when at last I sighted them below. They presented exactly the same dilapidated, deserted appearance as they had on that day that now seemed so long ago when I headed down on a volcano that was destined to mean so much in my life.

I circled above them several times, coming down farther and farther until I was only a few hundred feet high and the loud throbbing of my motor must have been enough to waken the soundest sleeper.

Then I swerved over to the far end of the sand-bar, turned back, and coasted down. For several minutes after I had come to a full stop within a hundred feet of the huts, I sat there waiting for some sign of life. But none came.

"Hello there, in the huts!" I shouted. Not a living thing stirred.

Deeply puzzled, I sprang out and started for the rocky eminence upon which the hovels were built. I had not got within twenty feet of them when a deep voice, that sounded like the angry snarl of some huge wild beast called out:

"Stop right there, young fellow."

I halted.

"Now, hold your little hands up over your head."

I glanced in the direction from which the voice proceeded, and saw the menacing muzzle of a rifle-barrel pointed at me from the nearest window. Without further ado I held up my hands.

"I come from Miguel Casserta," I said. "He and Miss Provan have had an accident, and have been badly hurt."

"What's that?" The voice almost barked its query.

"Casserta has been badly hurt," I repeated. "He has sent me to take his place."

I heard the hum of low conversation in the hut, and thinking that I had established my right to be there, I lowered my hands.

"Just a minute, stranger," the deep voice snapped. "Keep them hands up a while."

Again the low hum began in the hut. Then I heard a door on the other side slam shut, and a tall, finely built man came walking toward me with a stride that suggested military training.

Three paces in front of me he stopped, and his piercing blue eyes searched me from head to foot. But I had fully prepared myself to act my part in spite of suspicion, and I met his gaze quite calmly.

"I am not armed," I said. "It would be much more comfortable for me if you would have a gun-barrel deflected so that I can lower my hands."

He shot me another piercing glance, and then, stepping forward, felt of my clothes all over my body to satisfy himself that I had no weapon.

"Very well," he said, and, raising his voice, said: "All right—in there. Come out!"

He turned to me again.

"You say Casserta is hurt?" he asked, the sharp edge of suspicion making his voice cut like a knife.

"Yes," I returned. "He and Miss Provan had a fall just after starting from the field. His rudder-vice snapped in the air, and they smashed badly."

He was about to speak again, when he stopped, thought a moment, and, eyeing me carefully, said:

"I take it that you are Casserta's good friend, Mr. Linderman, of whom he has so often spoken to us?"

It was a cleverly woven trap, and had I not known as much as I did, I should probably have fallen into it. But, realizing at once its intention, I smiled at him in a way that showed him that I understood.

"No," I replied, "Casserta's friend, Mr. Linderman, will never fly again." I saw him try to quench the fierce fire of satisfaction that flashed an instant in his eyes in spite of him.

"Ah!" he exclaimed.

"Yes," I continued, "Miss Provan's identification was complete. Sanojas did his work well."

Again his searching gaze appraised me from head to foot, but this time there was the flicker of a friendly smile in the corner of his eyes.

"The little angel of the fiery tongue spoke to Linderman," I went on. "She spoke when he was two thousand feet high—" I shrugged expressively. "There is nothing left but a mass of splintered wood, of twisted metal, and of fabric torn to shreds. No one can ever know."

"Good little Sanojas!" he murmured.

The door of the hut slammed shut again, and another man strode toward us carrying a rifle in the crook of his arm and scowling blackly at me with every step he took.

"It's all right, Sam," said the man who was with me. "Casserta has sent Mr.—Mr.—" He looked at me questioningly.

"We will avoid names until we reach an understanding, if you please," I said, apparently suspicious in my turn.

He raised his brows interrogatively.

"Understanding?" he repeated.

"Certainly." I reached Casserta's side only a few moments before the others, and he had time for no explanations other than to urge me to come over here at once and take his place tonight. I promised him I would do anything in reason, but—again I shrugged—"My time is worth something, and I do not risk my skin and my liberty without a chance to make it worth my while."

He turned to Sam as though to ask his opinion, but that ugly worthy only spat upon the sand.

"It's your funeral, Lacey," he said in airy tones. "If I had my way I'd give him what Linderman got, and I'd do it now."

"Oh, no, you wouldn't!" I sneered with as good a show of nerve as I could muster. "Before I left the field I had a talk with Sanojas, and he warned me there were two men here who were big bluffs, and whom I was to call down at the first opportunity—Sam and Manoel."

It was only on the spur of the moment that I recalled the Portuguese name that Casserta had spoken that night in his shed—the name of the big man from whom he had had to take a stick.

I used it now at random, and it seemed to convince Lacey that I knew what I was talking about, for, as Sam was about to snarl a reply, the other swung upon him fiercely.

"Go back to the hut, you dog!" he ordered, and Sam slunk away. I had

evidently estimated his bravery at its proper value.

"Now," said Lacey, turning again to me, "we can discuss this matter like gentlemen, and I think we can reach an understanding. Come into my house."

He led the way among the huts, and was about to open the door of one of them when I stopped him.

"By the way," I said, "the Provan girl asked me to reassure her father by telling him that she is not badly hurt. You might—"

He swung about on his heel, his face glowering darkly.

"Damn that girl!" he exclaimed. "I wish we had never brought her here. There has been nothing but trouble ever since."

"Still," I suggested, "it might ease the old man and keep him from kicking up a fuss, for she is really hurt quite badly—that is, so far as we could judge—from our first examination. Why don't you just tell him that Casserta's machine has been smashed and that they cannot get here until it is repaired?"

"Yes," he agreed, "that would be best, but you will have to do the talking."

His eyes fell, and he smiled a bit ruefully. "The sight of me seems to set him crazy," he explained. "Last time I opened his door he threw a hammer at my head. 'You'll find him in that hut. Just poke your nose in and tell him. He will probably listen to a stranger without getting excited.'"

I stepped over to the door indicated and opened it without knocking.

Sitting crouched low over a work-table of some kind before a window on the opposite side, his back to me and his white head bent over a wheel that revolved by means of a small electric motor, was an old man, who looked up and turned as he heard the door creak on its hinges.

In spite of the fierce hatred and resentment that distorted his features, I saw that his face was a beautiful one, with the finely chiseled nose and lips of a sensitive nature and the high brow and dignified bearing of the scholar and gentleman.

He turned full upon me when he saw that it was an utter stranger who intruded, and as I looked into his eyes I saw that they, too, were hazel, and that they were deep and mysterious, like the eyes I had learned to love so well. I knew that Lacey was standing only a few feet behind me, and that he could hear everything that we said to each other.

"Mr. Provan," I called, "your daughter will not be here for several days. Mr. Casserta's engine has developed trouble, and they cannot return until the spare parts arrive from New York."

He eyed me belligerently a moment. "That is also probably a lie," he sneered. "Who are you?"

I flashed him a warning look, and my expression must have told him that, whoever I was, I was playing a part favorable to him, for I saw a light of hope spring up in his eyes.

"It doesn't really matter who I am," I answered. "I am merely bringing you the message from your daughter."

He half rose in his chair, as though he were about to confide something to me; but I jerked my head over my shoulder to indicate that there was some one behind me who could hear, and he nodded that he understood.

I saw him quickly take a pencil from his pocket and write something rapidly upon a slip of paper, and in order to give him time I continued:

"They were about to start from the field this morning when one of the cylinder heads blew out. You probably know that Cnome motors are not made in this country, and that consequently spare parts can be obtained only from the agents in New York, and even they may have to send to France for them."

He rose and tiptoed over to me, holding the paper so that I could read it. And, following my lead, he cried angrily:

"You are lying as you all lie here. You are a pack of liars and thieves and murderers, and if I ever get away I will have you all hanged!"

With that he returned to his table, picked up a tool of some kind, and hurried it against the wall near me, and I slammed the door shut as though I were dodging the missile. But I had read what he had written. It was:

"They have planned to kill Casserta on his last flight to the boat tonight. If you are taking his place they will kill you!"

CHAPTER XII.

A Surprise.

Lacey shook his head with a wry smile upon his face as I turned to him.

"That's the way he has been to all of us for some time," he explained. "He's a pretty shrewd old gentleman, and I'm afraid he has been keeping his eyes and ears altogether too wide open for his own good. He knows too much."

"How about the girl?" I asked. "Isn't it dangerous to have her over there where she can talk?"

His eyes darkened.

"Not!" he exclaimed. "We've managed to keep them apart so far and they haven't been able to compare notes. Each one thinks the other is in danger of nothing less than hanging if they are discovered, and so both will keep quiet. This is my palatial residence. Come in and be comfortable."

We entered the hut he indicated and I glanced about me curiously, for I wondered how a man of his evident refinement and education could endure life among these squalid hovels.

I had half expected to see interior furnishings quite at variance with the outside appearance of the buildings, but the room we entered was as cheerless and as poor as though the hut were in reality, occupied by a beach-comber.

He seemed to read my thoughts, for he shrugged ruefully at my surroundings.

"No," he said, "we have no lux-

uries here. I miss them sorely, but it would be unwise to bring them, and would only widen the breach that already exists between me and the very frank-spoken companions among whom my lot has temporarily cast me. I am not very popular here as it is."

"I should imagine," I suggested, "that unpopularity might be dangerous with men like Sam and Manoel and Casserta."

"It will be soon," he agreed. "But at present I happen to be the brains of this business, and they know they can do nothing without me. And that brings us to the subject we must discuss. First: can you fly a Farman bi-dromediplane?"

"With favorable weather and water conditions—yes," I answered.

"Good!" I knew, of course, that the controls of the Blériot and Farman were sufficiently similar not to offer much difficulty, but I did not know whether the addition of the pontoons for work on the water would involve matters or not.

"It does to a certain extent," I explained, "but it is merely a matter of a little practise in starting and landing and greater care in heading down. Fortunately, I had an opportunity not long ago to try my hand in one belonging to a friend of mine, and I soon mastered the difficulties."

"That is fine!" he exclaimed enthusiastically. "Now I will ask you to excuse me for a few minutes."

He walked over to a table in one corner of the room and removed a box-like cover, revealing a telegraph key and a telephone headpiece such as is used by wireless operators.

"Wireless?" I asked as he caught my inquiring glance. "I didn't notice any aërials outside."

He smiled.

"My own adaptation of the buzzer and the submarine signaling bell," he explained. "The working parts are all sunk under water a quarter of a mile or more off shore. It has a radius of about twenty miles, but, of course, it can be used only with ships equipped with the same apparatus. And there is only one such ship."

He sat down, and adjusting the phones to his ears, began to manipulate the key, listening intently for some reply.

As I waited in the silence my thoughts reverted to the girl I had left many miles to the south, alone on that bare sand-bar with Casserta, and I wondered if, after all, I had acted for her best interests in coming here. But, as I reviewed my present situation, I felt a glow of satisfaction at the success of my ruse.

Lacey was completely deceived by my story, and was taking me into his confidence in a way that promised soon to give me the knowledge that I needed to free Catherine from the tangle of conspiracy in which she had become so helplessly involved.

Already I had learned the most important of all facts—that neither she nor her father was playing any guilty part in the drama of the huts, and that as soon as each realized this there would be no further need for the secrecy that she had been forced to maintain.

So far as I myself was concerned, I felt that I had safely passed the critical point.

Lacey accepted me in the place of Casserta, and Casserta was a prisoner on the sand-bar until I chose to release him. The hiding of my true identity and my real errand had been the difficult parts of my plan, and both had been accomplished with an ease that augured well for the rest of my project. The task that now confronted me was to play my part without too great a show of anxiety, to draw Lacey out until I knew all that I needed to know, and then to fly back home and phone for Ekins and his reinforcements.

The note that the old man had written me was the first puzzle that I must solve.

If they were planning to kill Casserta, there were two conclusions to be drawn; the need of an aviator's services would not be present after tonight—indeed, I had heard the Mexican utter the words "last time" to my little girl back there on the sand—and these men were fighting among themselves, and their treachery was likely to become violence with the conclusion of the flight that was planned to be the final one.

It was most important then, that I find out how many flights I was expected to make tonight and, instead of returning from the last one, head straight for home and gather my friends for a raid from the clouds. If I could arrange in some way to take the old man with me, I would do so; if not, I would have to take chances on keeping the gang too busy to think of wreaking a final vengeance upon him.

The one great consolation was that my little girl would be in no danger, and that I could go for her as soon as my work on the point was done.

As I saw that Lacey had picked up the ship with his submarine telegraph, I quickly decided upon the details that remained to complete my story to him. I would say that my name was Phillip Allison and that I had met Casserta while I had been a student at the Blériot school at Pau.

I knew that the Mexican had been through the Farman school in France, and there would be no difficulty in convincing Lacey that I had formed a friendship for him there.

I would then tell of having returned only recently from abroad, and of having taken a hangar at the International field, of flying over the previous day, renewing my friendship for Casserta, and thus being appealed to by the Mexican as his last resort.

I might even go so far as to throw out a hint of revolutionary plots with him while in Paris, and of being in thorough sympathy with him.

Lacey finally took the phones from his ears, replaced the box cover, and turned to me with a sigh of satisfaction.

"Everything seems to be working smoothly and they will expect you tonight," he said. "So we can go ahead with our plans. First, then, as to what

I will expect you to do. We have here the latest type Farman military bi-plane that can be uncrated, set up, flown, taken down and crated again by three men in an hour.

"Casserta has fitted it with pontoons for work out there on the water, but has adapted the scheme used by Curtiss in his old triad of setting wheels under the floats so that he can start from the sand here and land up on the same place when he returns."

"That was necessary because, as you may have observed, it would be impossible to handle a water craft of any kind in the tide rips and eddies between here and the open ocean. Very well—that is the machine which we will set up this evening and which you will fly tonight."

"Twenty miles off shore you will see a small search-light pointing straight into the sky from a schooner. When you get within reasonable distance of it you will flash an electric torch to them and they will then play the search-light upon the water so that you can see to come down."

"A small boat will put out to you and the men in charge will give you four fairly large boxes which you will strap tightly to the machine. They will then help you to start again and you will return here."

Instantly I saw the chance that such a plan offered.

Instead of coming back to the point I could fly to my home field with the boxes which would probably reveal the whole plot to me, and then I could get the help I needed. But Lacey seemed to read every thought that passed through my mind, for he smiled not unkindly and shook his head.

"No," he said. "You will have no chance to get away with them. I shall be on the passenger seat behind you and I shall have this—" he took a wicked-looking automatic

Telegraph Want Ads

FOR 25 WORDS OR MORE

1c a Word for 2 Times
3c a Word a Week 6 Times
5c a Word Two Weeks 12 Times
9c a Word a Month 26 Times

Rates for Locals (a line a day) 5 cents
Card of Thanks 50 cents
Reading Notices, per line 10 and 20 cents
(according to position)

WANTED

WANTED. We pay highest market price for rags, rubber, iron, hides, wool and paper stock. Also junk and second hand automobiles. Will call for your orders promptly. Your business greatly appreciated. Always call Phone 31. J. Snow, Dixon, Ill. 481t

WANTED. Maid. Apply at hospital. 1381t

WANTED. All kinds of junk, wool, hides, etc. Full market price paid. Doing business with me means more money for you. Telephone 85. S. W. Rubenstein, Junk Yards at 315 Highland Ave. 951t

JOB PRINTING and will give you an estimate at any time on any job. Call 'phone No. 5.

WANTED. Men. Steady employment, good wage. Apply at once. Borden Condensed Milk Co. 152 20

WANTED. Girls. Steady employment, good wages. Apply at once. Borden Condensed Milk Co. 152 20

WANTED. Cook at Central Restaurant; good wages. Wm. Fowler, Amboy, Ill. 125 1t

WANTED. Good second hand steel range. Phone K719. 1541t

WANTED. Lady bookkeeper at the American Wagon Co. 1651t

WANTED. Men. Apply at the American Wagon Co. factory. 165 1t

WANTED. Cash for Old Teeth. Don't matter if broken. I pay \$2 to \$25 per set; also cash for old gold, silver, platinum, dental gold and old gold jewelry. Will send cash by return mail and will hold goods 10 days for sender's approval of my price. Mail to L. Mazer, 2097 S. 5th St., Phila., Pa. 153 24

WANTED. Fireman and laborers. Good pay and steady work. Apply at Sandusky Cement Co. office. 168 w

WANTED. HIGH SCHOOL BOYS. Capable wheeling hand, helping carpenters, etc. 40c per hour. Building Construction, Amboy, Ill. 168 16 pd. W. J. Zetterill Co.

WANTED. Man for garbage wagon. *This light work requiring about 7 hours per day, including trip to farm. We will give \$50 per month and board or \$75 per month without board. This job lasts until Nov. 1. Team may be kept in town providing party lives in town and wants to board at home. Kenmore Stock Farm, Woosung, Ill. 171 3

WANTED. To employ second man at the elevator of the Harmon Farmers' Grain & Coal Co., Harmon, Ill. 171 6.

FOR SALE

FOR SALE. Must sacrifice large, double, two story house and Lot 28, Highland Park Add. Dixon, Ill. Fine location. Cost over \$8,000.00. Make offer. C. W. Farr, Maquoketa, Iowa. 132 24

FOR SALE. Iowa farm at a bargain to settle estate. 240 acres well located in central Iowa. 2 sets of buildings; when fixed up a big profit to buyer. For quick sale \$145 per acre will buy it. Surrounding land worth \$225 per acre. C. M. Forbes, 1014 N. Crawford Ave., Dixon, Ill. 1671t

FOR SALE. Strictly modern 6-room bungalow; hot water heating, laundry, 2 screened porches, garage, etc. Call Phone K647. 1611t

The particular housekeeper always requires white paper for the pantry shelves and bureau drawers. It is to be found in any quantity at 1 cent a sheet at the B. F. Shaw Ptg. Co. 1t

Housewives will want white paper for the pantry shelves and bureau drawers. It can be purchased at the Evening Telegraph office for 1 cent a sheet.

FOR SALE. Base burner stove. Enquire at 414 Boardman Place, or Phone Y272. 1471t

FOR SALE. Early Ohio potatoes, extra fine. Price right. John Connolly, 1217 W. 4th St. Call at noon or after 4:30 p. m. 168 6

FOR SALE. 160 acres farm 2 1/2 miles from Dixon, well located; price right. D. M. Fahrney. 162 12

FOR SALE OR TRADE. 160 acre farm in Whiteside county, 1 mile from town. This farm can be handled as low as \$1,000. We will take house and lot in town as trade. Dixon Realty Co., Dixon, Ill. 171 3

ILLINOIS FARMERS PRAISED FOR FINE RESPONSE TO PLEAS

State Council of Defense
Illinois First As War
Producer

FARMERS' FINE WORK Have Raised the Greatest Crops and Accepted Draft Loyal

That Illinois, as a food producing state, is meeting its war obligations splendidly, is shown in a report of the food production and conservation committee to the State Council of Defense.

"Illinois and Iowa are the greatest food producing states in the union," the report says. "Together they produce about 25 per cent of the country's corn crop, and the largest proportion of its live stock."

"Illinois was requested to raise 100,000 acres of spring wheat this year, Kane county alone put out more 20,000 acres and the state as a whole will raise at least twice the numbers of acres asked for, and perhaps three times as many. This is typical of her resources."

"There are five counties in Illinois any one of which produces more bushels of cereal crops than the combined total cereal crop of the six New England states."

"Illinois this year is producing its greatest food crop and with the greatest labor shortage the state has ever had the crops are being cared for."

"The state as a whole is experiencing its 'peak period' for labor. Despite this the demand for farm help through our county organizations and the Chicago office has been far lighter than at any previous time. This is a great recommendation for the efforts of the U. S. Working boys reserve in placing on Illinois farms more than 17,000 boys and for our emergency farm labor campaign that was successful in enrolling more than 50,000 emergency workers from the small towns of the state."

Praise for Farmers.
"Assistant Secretary of Agriculture Christie at the conference of representatives of 12 middle west states reviewed particularly work of Illinois and Kansas and considered the results as remarkable. He said the war department had continually received complaints from other parts of the country on the drafting of experienced farm hands, but General Crowder is determined that no exemptions be granted and in a statement to the farmers of the north-west said:

"The farmers in those sections which are confronted with the problem of harvesting wheat at a time when some of their help will be called to the colors should receive an inspiration from Kansas and Illinois. In general the farmers of that section faced the same situation, yet every acre of grain was cut and shocked by small townpeople who responded to the call."

Must Improve Soil.
"During the last census decade the area of improved farm land in Illinois increased by 349,104 acres. However we have about reached the limit of total possible acreage and any increase in Illinois' crops must be largely through soil improvement. Soil improvement requires investment and unless the farms yield an income above living and other fixed expenses the average farmer has no money to invest in improvement of soil."

"In Prof. Cyril G. Hopkins our college of agriculture at Urbana has an agronomist with a world reputation. His theories on soil problems have impressed themselves on soil improvement work throughout the entire country and his limestone and phosphate experiments on southern Illinois farms, where the average yields per acre have been increased about fourfold, indicates an opportunity of vast possibilities, where missionary work is needed, and where an increased production can be looked for."

**DE PALMA WINNER IN
CHICAGO AUTO RACE**

POTATO HUNTS TO HELP AUSTRIA

By Associated Press
London, July 29.—One singular outcome of the exceedingly grave food shortage in Vienna is the institution of "potato hunts." The people of the Austrian capital carrying knapsacks and baskets, make their way into the country to bargain with the farmers for a few vegetables. In most cases the farmers will not sell from their stocks for money but will barter for other foodstuffs.

The price of potatoes, says the Hague correspondent of the Times, has been driven up to a crazy height. If one city dweller finds a willing seller who allows him to enter the field and dig potatoes, other would-be buyers will not be denied. Some farmers at Stammersdorf have demanded as much as six shillings for two pounds of potatoes.

55 ACRE FARM FOR SALE

Located 3 1/2 miles from Dixon on stone road and one mile from school.

There is 15 acres in pasture and about 40 acres under the plow. The soil is a good black soil with a clay sub-soil. The buildings are a good 7 room house, a good barn, 40x40 good double corn crib, Windmill and tank.

GEO. FRUIN
Agent
Dixon

CAMPAIGN ON TO UTILIZE GARBAGE

APARTMENT HOUSES ASKED NOT TO BURN WASTE.

EXTRACT MATERIALS FOR MUNITIONS

To the United States Food Administration's former appeal to "put less in the garbage pail," has recently been added the request to "take more out."

In other words, don't waste or burn your garbage, for it can be utilized to help beat the Hun.

The American garbage pail, with its 20,000,000 pounds of waste a year, cannot be entirely eliminated, but it can be enlisted in the cause of food saving, the United States Food Administration believes, so a nation-wide campaign for saving of garbage has been started.

Did you know that one ton of garbage contains enough glycerine for the charge of fourteen 75-millimeter shells, enough fatty acid for one hundred 12-ounce cakes of soap, enough fertilizer elements to grow eight bushels of wheat, and a score of other materials valuable in ammunition making?

Chicago Investigating.
In Chicago alone, investigation shows that there are more than 73,000 families living in apartment houses where the garbage is burned. As the average amount of garbage per family is one-half pound a day, these figures would show that 18 tons of garbage are going to waste every day in Chicago, or 538 tons per month (1,016,000 pounds).

The city of Chicago has volunteered to collect garbage from these apartment houses, and a patriotic appeal is being made to the landlords and families residing in these apartments requesting that they no longer dispose of their garbage in incinerators or otherwise allow it to be destroyed, so that it cannot be utilized. Garbage collected by the city will be taken to the Municipal Reduction Plant.

To Keep Waste Separated.
Housewives are being requested by the Food Administration to keep all waste food products separated from other household refuse. Furthermore the city will not collect garbage which is mixed with other refuse.

If the garbage now being destroyed in cities of from 100,000 population were disposed of by feeding, about 50,000,000 pounds of pork valued at \$5,000,000 would be available, assuming only 50 per cent of efficiency. Add to this the value of grease and tankage destroyed in cities of over 100,000 population, you have over \$11,000,000 worth of potential food values being destroyed each year.

Is your community helping to make up this appalling total? Are you doing anything to cut it down? If not, why not? These are the questions the Food Administration is asking of every community.

Cities Not Utilizing Garbage.
In the state of Illinois 23 cities are not utilizing their garbage. These cities are: Bloomington, Blue Island, Cicero, Aurora, Chicago Heights, Freeport, Moline, Mount Vernon, Oak Park, Rock Island, Rockford, Waukegan, Joliet, Kewanee, La Salle, Lincoln, Mattoon, Maywood, Ottawa, Pekin, Peoria, Springfield and Streator.

He is survived by his wife and one brother, Attorney Edward H. Brewster of this city.

Classified ads must be accompanied by the money. We cannot charge these small accounts. Call No. 5. We can give you exact price of any ad you like.

ONE SPOON, PLEASE.

Make one spoon of sugar
Do the work of two
Every day until
The war is through.



WAR RAGES IN FRANCE

They cannot fight & raise food at the same time
WE MUST FEED THEM
Denying ourselves only a little means life to them

United States Food Administration

Look at the little yellow tag on your Telegraph. Look now! Now!

The Evening Telegraph is a member of the Audit Bureau of Circulations, which is of great value to the advertiser.

ATTORNEY BREWSTER KILLED SATURDAY

(Continued from page 1)

bruises. The car was almost totally demolished.

The injured ones were taken to the Oregon passenger station and placed aboard an eastbound passenger and taken to the Lincoln hospital at Rochelle, where they arrived at 5 o'clock.

Skull Was Fractured.
Examination showed that Mr. Brewster had suffered mortal hurts. His left leg was broken at the ankle and a bad fracture of the skull at the base of the brain was at once pronounced fatal by the examining surgeons. Everything possible was done for him in vain, death claiming its victim at 2 o'clock Sunday morning.

As soon as news of the tragedy reached Dixon, George D. Smith, R. A. Rodesch and James Clark drove to Rochelle in their automobiles to be of such assistance as they could, and they returned with Mr. Sarwine and Mrs. Brewster last evening.

Brother in California.
The victim's brother, Attorney E. H. Brewster, has been spending his vacation in California, and at the time of the accident was at Long Beach. He was notified of the accident yesterday and today wired Commissioner Smith, instructing him to have the remains brought to Dixon and to arrange for the funeral services at his late home on Sunday, with burial at Amboy. Further details concerning the funeral will be announced after the arrival of Attorney Brewster and family Thursday.

Born in Maine.
Mr. Brewster was born in Wilton township, Franklin county, Maine, January 5, 1852. He was but a young lad at the time of the removal of his father's family to Lee county, settlement being made near Lee Centre in the latter part of the '50s. The father there engaged in farming and the surroundings of rural life became familiar to the boy, who divided his time between the duties assigned him by parental authority and the acquiring of a public school education.

For nearly ten years he engaged in teaching school and then, interested in the profession of the law, he began preparation for the bar, to which he was admitted in 1892. He entered upon active practice in 1895, when he came to Dixon and associated himself with his brother, Edward H. Brewster. For twenty-three years the firm has been well and favorably known in this section of the state. He was recognized as a popular and prominent member of the bar, his professional brethren entertaining for him warm regard by reason of his capability, integrity and close conformity to the ethics of the profession.

He was much interested in the teachings of the Church of Christ, Scientist, and when a church was formed in this city he took a most active financial part. He found much solace in the teachings of that faith and was always ready to offer his experience therein as a help to others.

He is survived by his wife and one brother, Attorney Edward H. Brewster of this city.

Classified ads must be accompanied by the money. We cannot charge these small accounts. Call No. 5. We can give you exact price of any ad you like.

OFFICIAL FOOD PRICES FOR LEE COUNTY

	Cost of Dealer	Retailer's Profit
Flour	\$11.00 per bbl.	60c to 1.35
ugar, granulated	8.00 per cwt.	1 to 2c per lb.
Navy beans	1.50 per lb.	2 to 4c per lb.
Lima beans, per lb.	.14 1-2 to 15c	2 to 4c per lb.
Milk, evaporated	6.1 per case	1 to 3c per can
Milk, condensed	8.4 per case	1 to 4c per can
Pure lard, per lb.	.28	4 to 6c per lb.
Lard compounds, per lb.	.24c	4 to 6c per lb.
Bacon, per lb.	.2 1-4 to 4 1/2c	4 to 8c per lb.
Butterine, per lb.	.2 1/2 to 30 1-2c	3 to 5c per lb.
Corn meal, per lb.	.4 1-2	2-4 to 1 1-2c per lb.
Prunes, per lb.	.1 to 16c	2 to 4c per lb.
Rice, per lb.	.8 to 16c	2 to 4c per lb.
Pink salmon, per doz.	2.0 to 2.15	2 to 5c per can
Red salmon, per doz.	2.6 to 2.9c	2 to 5c per can
Creamery butter, per lb.	.5	3 to 7c per lb.
Cheese, brick or cream, per lb.	.2 to 10c	4 to 9c per lb.
Eggs, fresh		4 to 8c per doz.

STANDING OF BIG LEAGUES

	Won	Lost	Pct.
Boston	56	37	.602
Cleveland	52	42	.553
Washington	50	42	.543
New York	46	42	.523
Chicago	42	48	.467
St. Louis	41	49	.456
Detroit	40	51	.440
Philadelphia	37	53	.411

Yesterday's Results.
Chicago 8, Boston 0.
New York 2, Cleveland 2 (10 innings).
Detroit 6-6, Philadelphia 0-2.
St. Louis 4, Washington 3.
Games Today.
Washington at Chicago.
New York at Detroit.
Boston at St. Louis.
Philadelphia at Cleveland.

	Won	Lost	Pct.
Chicago	59	31	.656
New York	56	34	.622
Pittsburgh	46	42	.523
Philadelphia	41	47	.466
Cincinnati	41	47	.466
Brooklyn	38	49	.437
Boston	40	52	.435
St. Louis	37	56	.398

Yesterday's Results.
No games scheduled.
Games Today.
Chicago at Boston.
Pittsburgh at New York.
Cincinnati at Philadelphia.
St. Louis at Brooklyn.

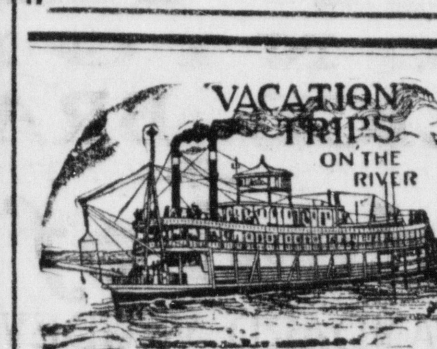
OLD MAN HARRIS

Editor of the Oil and Mineral Journal of Billings, Mont., will give you "tips" about oil and mining companies free, and send you sample copy of his 16-page illustrated paper for the asking. Scores of his subscribers have made \$400 on a \$100 investment and upwards, by following his advice. Don't buy in any company until you write him about it—he knows who is reliable and those who are not. Write Dun's or Bradstreet's agencies in Billings as to what they think of Old Man Harris and his reliable information to investors.

5% FARM LOANS 5%
Long Time—Optional
Payments. Write
A. G. HARRIS Dixon, Ill.

JOSEPH W. STAPLES
Mortician and Funeral Director
LADY ASSISTANT
Phones: Res. K1181. Office 676
811 First St. Dixon, Ill.

Dr. F. B. JONES
VETERINARIAN
OFFICE AT ODDY'S FEED BARN
PHONE—296
Residence at Dixon Inn



6 DAY RIVER CRUISE 6
To Minneapolis and Return
—ON THE—
STEAMER HELEN BLAIR
W. A. Blair, Master
Commencing Saturday, June 22
Leaves Davenport, Iowa every Saturday at 2:30 p. m.
800 Miles of Interesting Travel
24 Hours in Minneapolis
For information and folder write to Northern Steamboat Co., Agents Davenport, Iowa.

Farmers, do you need letterheads or envelopes with your return card printed thereon? The B. F. Shaw Printing Company, Dixon, Ill., will be pleased to fill your order at any

TIME TABLE

CHICAGO & NORTHWESTERN RY.
Correct time of all passenger trains leaving Dixon. *Daily except where otherwise specified:

	East Bound	Ar Chicago
No. 6	3:28 a. m.	6:45 a. m.
5	3:28 a. m.	6:45 a. m.
24	6:40 a. m.	9:15 a. m.
28	7:23 a. m.	10:40 a. m.
18	11:02 a. m.	2:25 p. m.
20	1:19 p. m.	4:00 p. m.
4	4:11 p. m.	7:30 p. m.
12	7:34 p. m.	10:30 p. m.
100 (Sunday only)		
	4:15 p. m.	7:35 p. m.

	West Bound	Ar Dixon
No. 6	6:50 a. m.	10:20 a. m.
19	10:30 a. m.	1:11 p. m.
17	12:15 p. m.	3:39 p. m.
25	6:40 p. m.	9:37 p. m.
27	3:45 p. m.	7:03 p. m.
11	5:00 p. m.	7:50 p. m.
3	7:10 p. m.	9:50 p. m.
3	11:20 p. m.	2:16 a. m.
*No 1 stops at Dixon on flag, no extra fare.		

ILLINOIS CENTRAL RY.
Correct time of all trains leaving Dixon that carry passengers and freight. *Daily, *Daily except Sunday.

	South Bound	Ar Chicago
119	7:22 a. m.	
21 Clinton Express	5:15 p. m.	
	North Bound	Ar Dixon
132 Ft. Dodge Express	9:53 a. m.	
20 Mail	6:21 p. m.	
Freepoint Freight	12:30 p. m.	

INTERURBAN SCHEDULE
In Effect Saturday, May 25, 1918.
West Bound
Leave Dixon. Leave Sterling.
*5:40 a. m. 6:30 a. m.
7:20 a. m. 8:15 a. m.
9:00 a. m. 10:05 a. m.
10:50 a. m. 11:45 a. m.
12:30 p. m. 1:30 p. m.
2:10 p. m. 3:05 p. m.
4:00 p. m. 5:05 p. m.
6:00 p. m. 7:05 p. m.
8:00 p. m. 9:25 p. m.
10:30 p. m. 11:20 p. m.
*Except Sunday.
t-Colony Car will meet 7:17 I. C. Train and connect at Galena and Fellows street. 1t

TIME THE MAILS CLOSE

The following table shows the time of closing all mail forwarded from Dixon post office. Mail should be in the post office ten minutes preceding the closing or closing time to insure its dispatch.

	East Mail
No. 6	2:45 a. m.
No. 28	6:55 a. m.
No. 4	3:50 p. m.
No. 12	7:10 p. m.
No. 18	10:40 a. m.

	West Mail
No. 5	9:55 a. m.
No. 19	12:50 p. m.
No. 27	6:40 p. m.
No. 9	8:50 p. m.
No. 15	2:45 a. m.

	South Mail
No. 119	6:55 a. m.
No. 131	4:50 p. m.
	North Mail
No. 132	9:30 a. m.
No. 120	5:50 p. m.

WM. F. HOGAN, Postmaster.
JAS. W. BALLOU, Assistant.

MARKETS

Editor's Note.—Because the quotations furnished by the various merchants of Dixon do not coincide, the Telegraph finds it impossible to quote all of the prices fully, and hereafter will quote only those prices which seem most advantageous to seller or purchaser.

	Cash & Pay	Sell Carry
Creamery butter	.54	.50
Dairy butter	.42	.50
Lard	.26	.34
Eggs	.36	.42
Potatoes	3.40	3.25
Flour	3.40	3.25

LIVE POULTRY.
Hens 22
Springers 28
Old roosters 15
Ducks, White Pekin 14
India Runner Ducks 8
Muscovy Ducks 8
Geese 8
Turkeys 16

STERLING HAS 'EM

STERLING HAS 'EM!
Some mighty good bargains in homes. Can be bought for about half the cost of building similar houses today.
No trades, unless you insist upon it, and in that event you get something for your property.
If you contemplate moving to Dixon, or if you have been paying rent for the last forty or fifty years and have quite a little bunch of worthless rent receipts on hand, or expect to get married, we can do you some good.
The prices range from \$1,300.00 to \$10,000.00.
Call at the office, if interested, as we like to look you straight in the eye when we quote prices.

THE **STERLING** AGENCY
110 Galena Ave.

BERT E. SMICE
PLUMBING
Heating and
Gas Fitting
Phones: Shop 215; Res. K653
409 FIRST STREET
Dixon Illinois

DR. C. LA COUR
ECLECTIC
DRUGLESS PHYSICIAN
Osteopath, Chiropractor, Physiological Therapist.
190 Galena Ave. Dixon, Ill.
Phone 572.

Have you looked recently at the little yellow tag on your Telegraph to see if the date is correct. It will also serve as a reminder if your subscription is in arrears.

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See the New Spring sample for Suits made to measure—

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SIGNAL OFFICER HAS BUSY TASK

By Associated Press
Behind the British Lines in France—The Battalion Signalling Officer's chief duty is to maintain communications. A battalion headquarters has to be in communication with the four companies in front of it, the battalions on the right and left, the brigade headquarters behind it, and the supporting artillery. The Signalling Officer sees that these communications are kept up.
No line of wire will ever be absolutely safe. A single trench mortar may make a mess of any wire or cable. If this happens many times, the wise signalling officer will consider whether some quieter route cannot be found. The German is a man of habit, he has a way of hammering persistently at a certain point at a certain time. It is needlessly asking for trouble to lay wires at a point which some German has a "habit" of bombarding.

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: THE EVENING STORY ;

Mademoiselle Topaz

By LAURA M. MONTGOMERY

"Look who's here!" caroled Belinda joyously, emptying the carpet sweeper into the paper box so casually that most of the gray, velvety looking strips of dust floated down on the blonde head of that first floor woman, who, too, was staring out at the lot back of their porches.

At what? Oh, you're a flat dweller, too! Well, in the center of the dignity lot divided by diagonal paths worn by the feet of the U. of C. students, stood a caravan wagon, dusty and wearing a singular air of aloofness.

A piebald horse had been unharnessed and was tethered nearby, hunting hopefully for the sparse blades of grass that the aforesaid studious feet had spared. There were no windows in the caravan, only a narrow door of exclusive appearance at the top of the shallow step.

The children of the neighborhood gathered as if by magic. With ear splitting calls and shrieks for "Skin-nay" to show himself at once, they swarmed, teasing the old horse, and Harry, noting with the sharpness of a street gamin the letter flap in the door, hurried up and stuck an impudent fist through.

Belinda watched, and when an agonized scream broke forth, she laughed aloud. A yellow furry claw had darted out through the letter flap and neatly scratched his homely face. No one expressed any regret as his be-puffed mother indignantly bore him upstairs, where he consoled himself by riding his velocipede over the heads of the unfortunates living below.

The caravan perched silently. The meek horse drowsed, only rousing himself enough to gently kick at a child who blew a mouth organ in his ear. The be-puffed lady called up the Hyde Park Police Station, asking why caravans camped in her back yard.

The "third floor" used her opera glasses, and discovered that the top of the wagon was a skylight slightly open. Small faces could be dimly discerned; horrid eyes glittered.

On the porches komonoed ladies scampered back and forth excitedly, and one woman actually heard the phone tingle (the bell ringing in the first floor flat) without hastening to take up the receiver and listen.

Belinda found an obscure notice in the Sunday paper saying a Moorish princess was hiding in Chicago.

"That's her!" she shrieked. "They always say you're better hidden in a crowd."

Just then a black man dressed in yellow sateen, with his head swathed in a huge turban, sauntered down the steps of the wagon, mouthing fiercely and waving the children away. They withdrew a safe distance and made faces at him as he squatted on the lowest step and regarded them languidly.

Harry drew a little nearer and said impudently:

"Hello, fellow," and spat at him. With a bound the darky sprang, drawing his bowie knife. (It might have been a bread knife, but it glittered wickedly.) Harry ran and his mother's acidulous tones floated out thinly:

"Oh, sweetheart, I wouldn't do that if I was you. Come upstairs." "Sweetheart" responded by breaking a milk bottle, narrowly missing the baby's head on the first floor porch, and skinned out the alley way.

At the appearance of the yellow clad figure, gossip ran high. Oh, if that secretive skylight were only thinner! Belinda graphically pictured the exquisite Moorish girl, her glowing red cheeks whitened by fear of the pursuing harem owner, her slender arms weighted by clanking bracelets, lifted supplicatingly to the hideous image of Buddha squatting horribly in his shrine.

"But" objected Mrs. Jones, the landlady, practically, "the darky would wear a disguise instead of those foreign looking clothes." She lowered her rasping voice, however, as the black man rolled the whites of his eyes to the children.

"No," replied Belinda stubbornly, "he expects to escape detection by being obvious. Didn't you ever hear of the Furlined Letter?" And Belinda never dreamed of the painted smile on the Poe statue as he turned on his quarter-sawn oak pedestal and eavesdropped.

"We-ell, I must get my roast in or there'll be no dinner," sighed Mrs. Croaker, straightening her frouzy cap. "The men have an easy time Sundays, all right, but a woman's work a woogle-wiggle—" her voice trailed back as untidily as a wispy hair straggled over her bony neck.

All day the caravan drew a crowd. The literary lady wrote a description dripping with adjectives, of the little Moorish princess weeping on her pile of skins.

"It's a shame to tell on her," she thought briskly, "but I need the money." She enclosed her "press correspondent" card and sealed the pink envelope nicely with some gold and pink sealing wax.

"You got to put up a front," she bragged and moistened her finger to pinch the sealing wax stick back in to a point. As she omitted to enclose any stamps, it is doubtful whether the flattered editor returned the press

card or not, but strangely enough, she is still waiting for her check, and wonders savagely what chance a woman has among business men, anyway. They wonder too sometimes.

The flat dwellers started out for short walks, but always turned by way of the silent caravan. Groups of girls in middie blouses and brief white skirts mingled with capped and gowned seniors; dainty frocks and long white kid gloves rubbed elbows democratically with sweaters and tennis raquets; the university chimes pealed out gravely and musically; a Sabbath evening hush settled softly over the giggling groups and long rays of violet and rose spread down, drenching the stately trees of Washington Park into colorful beauty.

The last chime had died away. The black man drew out a silver Waterbury watch and looked at it. Yes, the chimes were right. Doffing his jeweled turban, he bowed low to the curious people and twisted the long bar on the side of the caravan. Lo, it moved slowly and the whole side swung out.

The interior walls were lined with mirrors. Upon a tiger skin reclined a large, very large, blonde lady, resplendent in a scant frock made of golden sequins. The bodice was cut perilously low, and her curls floated out fluffily.

She bounced coquettishly to her feet and whistled a weird call. The tiger skin moved. A hundred yellow Angora cats leaped out and mingled with the crowd. A spectacled professor caught one, and from the fluttering ribbon on its neck read:

STOP! LOOK! SEE!
Come to the White City tonight and see Mademoiselle Topaz and her trained cats.
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Couldn't Sleep a Wink.
An abnormally fat man lumbered into a Pullman on a west bound train and set up a loud protest when he found that his berth was at the end of the car.

"I can't sleep a wink if I'm over the car wheels. I won't close my eyes if you put me over the car wheels, porter."

"Can't help it sah," said the porter. "It's the one that was sold you, and it's the only one they is. You'll have to take a chair car and set up if you don't take this."

The fat man finally decided to keep the berth, protesting to the last that he did not expect to close his eyes. Shortly his snores were heard above the rumble of the train, but it was not until the train had a long wait that the sounds issuing from his berth caused anything but amusement in the silence, however, they got on the passenger's nerves, and by request the porter prodded him in the ribs.

"My land, sah!" demanded the porter, "if you makes noises like that when you's lyin' awake over the car wheels, what would you do if you was sound asleep in the middle of the car?"

The Only Way.
The Yale freshman year was proving very expensive to father, so father decided to have a "heart to heart" talk with Johnny, home for the week end.

"Now, my son," said he gravely but affectionately, "your mother and I are spending just as little as we possibly can. I get up in the morning at half-past six and I work until after five. But, son the money just won't go around at the rate that your expenses are running. Now, I ask you, as one man to another, what do you think we had better do?"

For a moment Johnny's head was buried in thought—and then he replied:

"Well, father I don't see any way out but for you to work nights."

Ready to Send.
A stenographer was out of a job. He was discussing the best ways and means of rehabilitating his ebbing bank roll with a friend who also was listed among the unemployed. Said the friend:

"If I were you I'd write a letter for money?"

"I have already done so," replied the stenog.

"For how much?"

"Oh, \$3,000."

"Well—" asked the friend in astonishment.

"Well," repeated the shorthand man sadly, "the letter asking for the \$3,000 is all ready to mail, but I'll be darned if I can think of anybody to mail it to."

Never Met Him.
In his interesting book of memories, "Sixty Years in the Wilderness," Sir Henry Lucy has an interesting story about Sir Francis Burnand. Sir Henry and Sir Francis were talking together at a big public function when a very important looking guest, arrayed in a brilliant uniform came up and effusively shook hands with Burnand, who appeared surprised at the fact.

"I see you don't know me from Adam," said the stranger.

"My dear sir," answered Burnand gravely, "I don't know Adam."

The Question
"I hold three college degrees," said the applicant with a slight air of superiority.
"The question before the house," said the facetious magnate, "is not how many college degrees you hold, but whether or not they will interfere with your holding a job."

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I have the goods in the store now; come and have a look at them. Ladies, did you ever stop to think what it costs to can pineapples?

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